

# Oxford County Advertiser.

TAKE NOTICE.

VOL. XIII.

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Sample Copy—FREE.

## THE SKIN WE W.

If you and I, to-day  
Should stop and say  
Our life-work down, and let our  
where they will—  
Fall down to the quite still—  
And if some other hand should come  
To find  
The threads we carried, so that it  
Beginning where it stopped, if it  
to keep  
Our life-work going; seek  
To carry on the good design  
Distinctly the yours, or  
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true:  
Some threads we wind; some purpose  
Itself that we look up to it, or down,  
As for a crown  
To how before, and we weave the th.  
Or intricate lengths and thickness—  
shreds.

And wind them round,  
Till all the skin of life is so  
Sometimes forgetting at the  
To ask  
The value of the threads, or on  
Strong stuff to use.

No hand but winds some thread;  
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead  
But what it spins and winds a little skin,  
God made each hand for work—not for idleness.

In required, but every hand  
Spins, though but ropes of sand.  
If love should come,  
Stooping above when we are done,  
To bid bright threads  
That we have held, that we may spin them  
longer.

Send the shreds  
That break when touched, how cold,  
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands which hold  
The broken strands and know  
Fresh cause for woe.

## THE SPINNING MATCH.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Why, Joshua! I haven't seen you  
for quite a spell! Set down; set right  
down!" said Amasa Perkins, as Joshua  
Giddings surprised him by walking into  
the old bar-room of what was once  
Petersham Tavern.

But it was a bar-room no longer. Bot-  
tles, kegs, demijohns, glass jars of  
lemons, gay earthen crocks for sugar,  
nutmeg-groats, tumblers, all were gone;  
only the box-stove and the short counter  
remained and the various arm-chairs;  
for Petersham Tavern was a tavern no  
more. Its day was done.

Stage-coaches had left the highways,  
and Amasa and his wife lived alone in a  
corner of the straggling old house that  
once had swarmed with guests—stage-  
travellers stopping to dine; rich people tra-  
velling in their own carriages; peddlers,  
stock-drovers, itinerant doctors, botanists  
and otherwise; menagerie people, Methu-  
enists on their way to Bantam Falls;  
camp-meeting, fishermen bound for the  
clear brooks of the Taghconic  
Mountains, and hunters who hoped to  
find a deer or a bear in the still untrud-  
den depths of the forests, but were sure  
to return with plenty of quail and par-  
tridge.

Miss Giddings, too, with their calls  
for hard cider, singing, dogs' nose and  
other evil concoctions of the sort, were  
no longer held in Petersham, and as for  
summer boarders, Aunt Desire had al-  
ways steadily refused to take them,  
stigmatizing them with up-turned nose  
as "city-trash."

Joshua Giddings, who returned to  
night to the old place, was born in  
Petersham. After a short trial of hard  
farming in his younger days, he had  
gone to California early in the gold-  
fever years. Like many other adven-  
turers, he was unsuccessful at gold  
mining, but he had wisely settled down  
on a ranch near San Francisco, and had  
accumulated a little money, never losing  
in the isolation of his farm his Yankee  
tongue or his old attachment to Peter-  
sham, particularly to Amasa Perkins.  
He had called to see him now, only a  
few hours after his arrival, and to in-  
spect the changes forty-five years had  
wrought in his absence.

"I'm dreadfully glad to get back, now  
I tell you, Amasa," he said, as he settled  
down into the old green spindle-backed  
arm-chair and looked about him.  
"Things is some changed, to be sure,  
but the old tavern's here yet."  
"To be sure! To be sure! And me  
and Desire, a-iv'ing in the corner op',  
like mice in a cheese. But I was born  
here, and so was my father afore me,  
and my grandpa afore him. Peetrines  
hev kep' tavern here time out o' time,  
ye may say; anyhow since Petersham  
was settled. And they would ha' been  
keepin' the tavern yet, if 'twant for  
them consarned steam tea-kettles on  
wheels a-rumblin' and fixin' to burn  
and scorchin' all over the kentry."

"Tavern-keepin' is kinder played  
out," said Joshua, reflectively.  
"Tis now, I tell ye. Jest to think  
of the good times when the 'tavern' was  
a tavern to every town. Rite's lions a-  
swingin' onto the sign-pole nateral as  
life; one foot a-pawin' and tail up; now  
they're split up for kindlin', or a-iv'ing  
like orn up in the wood-house chim-  
ber all dust. Why, your folks used to  
keep tavern over on Goshen Hill in them  
times."

"They did. Grandpa Spinner kep' it  
after Ma'am Hopsy Pratt up and died.  
Grandmother Spinner was her daught-  
er, ye know."

"Yes. I've heard tell they warnt  
much alike, though."

"I tell ye they warnt! I've heard  
Grandpa Spinner tell more yarn about  
that old woman when I was a little

In the recent fire we lost our sub-  
scription list, accounts and everything  
pertaining to the Advertiser office.  
Part of our list is made up from mem-  
ory and cannot be otherwise than in-  
complete. If we have omitted any  
whose names should be on the list, we  
hope they will notify us of the fact by  
postal card or by calling at our office.  
We have no definite means of knowing  
those who have made advance pay-  
ments or how much is due us on the  
old list from subscribers, who are in  
arrears. We shall expect the former  
to notify us (as they hold receipts)  
and get their proper credits and the  
latter we hope will not be "backward  
in coming forward" with such amounts  
of cash as they think they owe us so  
that we may be able to get our list into  
shape at an early date.

girls was in them days. Grandpa Spin-  
ner he was loved 'em to Josiah Pratt  
when Celye was about nineteen, and he  
took a likin' to her and she to him.  
"But, ye see, Ma'am Hopsy, she was  
bound an' possessed 't Celye should hev  
Squire Battle, because he had means—a  
big farm and some money in the Har-  
ford Bank.

"She didn't noway mistrust that Josiah  
Spinner favored Celye, for they didn't  
hev no need to keep company reglar,  
bein' always in the same house; and  
grandpa he warnt real ready to make  
known his meanin' to the old folks. He  
wanted to lay up a little before settlin',  
so he and Celye agreed to keep still.

"Well, in them days they used to  
spin all the linen; some was striped for  
to make gowns and petticoats, and  
some was for sheets and some for shirts.  
The women-folks spun the thread, and  
this was always somebody's 't had a loom  
ready for to weave it.

"Ma'am Hopsy she used consider'ble  
linen in the tavern, and Celye she spun  
heaps and heaps o' yarn, and of the  
best, too.

"Girls in them days warnt taught to  
pound on a pinnery, or do on plates and  
saucers, or make jig-a-marecs out o'  
paper with holes all over it, or stuff  
with the threads drawn out. They  
learned to make good, sweet bread and  
fashioned pies 'n ginger-cakes an'  
a-buns and 'lection cake. They was  
fetched up to make 'tiled injun puddin';  
to make a pig to turn and to spin  
'tiled dummers and mix 'twelsh for  
hungry folks at hayin'-time. Folks  
didn't have dyspepsy then and hev to  
liv' on horse-fodder.

"Celye was fetched up by line an'  
rule. She got up early and went to bed  
early; but she warnt real rugged some-  
how. She was kinder tall and slimy,  
and had a pretty color forever comin'  
an' goin' in her face as though somethin'  
had been 't flickered out continuous  
inside of her.

"But Ma'am Hopsy she was made of  
steel springs an' sole-leather herself,  
and she never spared nobody no more'n  
she spared herself, and that warnt a  
mite any time.

"Well, it came about that there 't was  
a quiltin' frolic one time up to the tavern;  
there was several pieced quilts, so the  
frames was set up in the old ball-room.  
They used to hev balls and sleigh rides  
and county court and what-not in that  
room in them-days; all in the tavern,  
Goshen bein' the shire town.

"Well, ye see, at this quiltin' Miss  
Baker she that was Lizzy Ann Spinner,  
my grandpa's half-sister, she began to  
brag about the runs o' yarn she'd spun  
that week, and one and another of the  
women got a-tellin' and a-tryin' for to  
take the wind out o' her sails, so to  
speak; and every one a-covin' to see  
what they could ha' done if they could  
ha' buckled to it without anything to  
hinder 'em.

"Now, Ma'am Hopsy was 'ceter 'n a  
quiltin'. She had one eye on the main  
chance the whole time, whatever the other  
was a-doin', and she spoke up kinder  
laughin' and see she:

"I'll tell ye what, we'll get up a  
spinnin'-match here in a row. I'll send  
Josh Spinner around to fetch 'em in the  
reelin', for I mean to hev the married  
folk try first, and I'll give ye a roust-  
in' good supper, and give a fat turkey to  
the one that spins the most runs be-  
twix sun-up and sun-down."

"Well, they were mighty tickled, and  
'twant they'd come a Wednesday week.  
So come they did—ten married women  
and ten girls to wait on 'em. They  
warnt to stop for no dinner, only jest  
to take a drink o' water, and the girls was  
to fill the distaffs and reel the yarn.

"I tell ye there was considerable buzz  
to Goshen tavern that day! and down  
to the kitchen there was such a bakin'  
an' bilin' an' roastin' a-go on as never  
was. But, mind ye, 'twas all Ma'am  
Hopsy's flax they spun, and she was to  
hev the thread! They arn't their supper  
lively.

"Come along towards the end o' the  
afternoon, and Henry Beach he come in  
jest to see the fun. His wife was one o'  
the spinnin', and he set by her, dread-  
fully 't thought the sun risin' in a half  
face. He mistrusted she was a over-  
doin'; an' sure enough, she and Miss Eli  
Miller was runnin' o' a race. Miss  
Beach had spun five runs already, and  
Lizy Miller had spun five 'n a half, and  
'twas an hour now afore sun-down."

"Henry see his wife was white as a  
sheet, her eyes a-shinin', and then breath-  
a-comin' like a bound's when he's most  
come up with the fox, and the sweet  
standin' on her forehead till her cutis

stringin' wet, and he jest stepped  
as capable as ever you see, and  
sped her yarn right off.

"Lizydy," says he, "you sha'n't kill  
yourself jest for a run o' yarn!"  
Well, she bristled out a-squint, and  
like a baby. She was fired-out,  
mad, and disspinted; and she had  
sped, and of course, Miss Miller beat  
her.

Well, when it come supper-time, the  
folks that was in the room, in and  
had real sport, and Miss Miller shed  
off the turkey as poplar as a  
with one chickin', and Squire Bat-  
tle spoke up and see he:

"Tain't fair to let the married folks  
off all the honors. I propose 't  
ave a spinnin'-match for the girls  
week, and I'll give a gold ring to  
the best of them."

To they settled to have it. What-  
privacy he had about it with  
in Hopsy, I don't know, nobody  
knowed; he nor she never told.  
Afterwards she let slip somethin' or  
er, more'n once, that showed he'd  
over the idea that the ring would be  
gin'-ring, and his'n at that; and  
was clear determined Celye should  
get it.

"She knew the girl was smart and  
had good grit, and she kep' a-puttin'  
her up to beat, all the week, sayin' how  
'shamed she should feel after givin' two  
suppers, if her daughter couldn't lead  
the crowd, and so on, as women folks  
will when they get possessed to hev  
their own way, and try to move heaven  
and earth for it.

"She knew well enough that Squire  
Battle wanted a wife to look after the  
dairy, for he couldn't get a woman to  
house-keep that really suited of him  
sence Roxey White left him to get mar-  
ried.

"Ye see, his wife had been dead goin'  
on two year, and Roxey was help there  
before, Miss Battlebein sort of consump-  
tion; and the squire said when Roxey  
went that he didn't know what he could  
do but get married, for hired help didn't  
take no interest.

"Fad is he, was dreadfully near, and  
he begrudged paying out money for  
help.

"Well, come next week there 't was  
ten girls to them flax-wheels at sun-up,  
and Celye to the head o' 'em. They didn't  
stop for nothin'.

"They'd do better to eat a mite betwixt  
breakfast and supper, for last time the  
women had grubbed some about goin'  
without; said it made them feel as  
though they should break in two. So  
this time the women that filled the dis-  
taffs fixed their eyes on the squire's  
while they was spinnin', so's they  
didn't have to stop a minnit.

"Well, it's a most monstrous big  
story to tell, but it's the livin' truth,  
and I'll tell it, Celye she had spun  
seven full runs o' yarn, two runs bein'  
called a hull day's work when you hire.  
"But it done for her; she fainted  
dead-away right off, and they took her  
to bed, and she never got up no more,  
but she never had no ring from him.

"Josh Spinner he was a fustion round  
outside a day or two after that, and  
quick Battle come into the barn to look  
at a pair o' cattle a drover had fetched  
over from Sharon to sell, and 'long  
come Henry Beach and talked to 'em  
a spell, and 'twant no privacy, so Josh  
he kep' on what he was doin' and heeard  
it all. Pray you see Henry says:

"Well, square, have ye put that  
gold ring onto Celye's weddin'-finger  
yet?"

"No! No! No! The squire, never'n  
thrunder. No, nor I sha'n't, never.  
I don't want no sick folk to my house,  
they can't stan' a day's spinnin'. I  
wouldn't pick her up now for a cent!"

"Josh he jest stepped in an' giv' him  
one o' his belts and felled him like a ox.  
"You couldn't hev had her, you big  
prute, anyway!" says he, a lookin' down  
at him. "For she's promised to me this  
year back; you can giv' that ring o'  
youn to one o' the Elwell tribe, sence  
it's a nigger slave you're a lookin' after."

"The squire fetched him into court  
about it; but when the judge heeard  
the hull story, he fined Josh jest six  
cents, and give Squire Battle a piece of  
his mind besides.

"So Ma'am Hopsy, when she heeard  
on't all, why, she was moderately will-  
in' to let Josh marry Celye, and mar-  
ried they was; but Celye never see a  
well day after that spinnin'-match. Old  
Dr. Sheldon said 'twas the hard work  
right along for twelve hours that broke  
her down, because she'd got Josiah's  
constitution and Ma'am Hopsy's ambi-  
tion.

"She jest lived till my mother was  
born, and then died, a holdin' on to  
Josh's hand to the last minnit.

"Ma'am Hopsy warnt there; she said  
she'd got to see Josiah, but folks mis-  
treated she felt-back and didn't call 'em  
to show it. Maybe, she had a heart;  
women-folks are considerable apt to hev  
that institution, 't she kep' it well  
covered up; 'twos kinder weakly, I ex-  
pect.

"Somebody told Grandpa Spinner a  
spell after that Henry Beach an' Lizydy  
come to the funeral, and cried, both on  
like sinners; and they was a-  
comin' out o' the yard Lizydy looked up  
at him and says, half-sobbin':—  
"O Henry! that might be me a-  
yarn there to-day. I tell ye, Josie's  
snapped my yarn! and I was so mad at  
you!"

"But he never said nothin', only  
lifted her into the chaise and driv' off,  
a lookin' at her as though he couldn't  
never stop. I tell ye, Josie's things hap-  
pened in them days, sence, Amasa,"  
Josh's Companion.

## THE PLUM DUFF.

An Amusing Little Story of the Sea.

"Keenebecker," in the Boston Jour-  
nal tells a funny story of Captain Mel-  
ville, the Governor of the Salters' Sul-  
lard.

It is well known that "the Governor"  
is the brother of the author, Harriet  
Melville, and the reader of the latter's  
book "Raburn" will notice that he  
dedicates it to his young brother, then  
on his first voyage to China. It was on  
a voyage to and from China that the  
young brother stowed away many good  
stories to be related to his friends after-  
ward, and one he told me when he was  
"Chief" of a crack Boston clipper ship.

He was admitted in China and looking for  
a ship. Now, it happened that an Eng-  
lish ship, on board of which something  
had occurred, depriving her of her offi-  
cers and crew, from captain down, was  
recruiting a new ship's company.

An officer from a British man-of-war was  
detained to navigate the ship to Eng-  
land, and the rest were, from the masts  
down, of the roughest sort.

Our young sailor and his chum,  
another American, determined to try  
their fortunes under the British flag.  
There was no end of trouble and devil-  
try, want of discipline and everything  
that was good as a link to these har-  
rowing sailor boys, and the passage  
went tediously on. One night in the  
dog watch, while the old int of a teak-  
built Royal Briton was rolling along,  
a young friend was snatched upon the  
poop, steering his trick at the wheel.

He told me the light was a miserable  
slush lamp, with a wick of oakum. He  
could hardly see the compass, and much  
the worse for the captain's order. The  
captain was packing the deck, and with the aid  
of his eye-glass and a flicker of the rude  
light, discovered that the ship was a  
point off her course. "This never'll do,  
ye know," said he, "you've got to steer  
ship, you American beggar!"

"This stung our young sailor to the quick,  
and he adopted the British fashion of  
"cheeking" the master at once.

"I can't stand it, sir," said he,  
"but not a box like this." This caused  
the lord of creation to explode in fierce  
invektives upon all "blasted Yankees."

The consequence was, that at eight  
o'clock the greatest cannon was fired,  
touched the knuckle of his fore-finger  
to a lock of hair sticking out from under  
his cap, in token of respect, to await  
the master's orders, who told him to  
turn the American flag and never  
allow him under any pretence to be  
seen about the booby hatch. The man  
received his orders, and asked if it  
should "make it eight bells, as it was  
eight o'clock." "Very well, make it  
eight," said the master.

"This, I believe, on board of an  
English ship is the rule. Eight bells  
in the evening is never struck, until the  
captain gives the order, as he may wish  
some other evening to dine."

This was a wretched ship, and there  
was very little to eat on board. But  
the steward pacified the grumbling crew  
with the fact that "Christmas was com-  
ing, and the master would give them  
duff for the hands. This kept the dis-  
contented, growling men quiet for the  
time. I will digress here a little to say,  
that I, once upon a time, spent a few  
months in England. I noticed that  
among the lower classes the last half of  
a week seemed to be spent in looking for-  
ward to the Sabbath, when they were to  
have the only real meal of the week,  
their "sabbath" plum pudding, and  
"bit of pork and cabbage," and they  
dwelt upon that for the first half of the  
week that followed, when they turned  
their longings appetites to the following  
Sunday.

It seemed so to me, that the cap-  
tain of the ship probably was acquainted  
with the habit, and thought he could  
use Christmas the same as his country-  
men did the Sabbath, i. e., live on it for  
a long period.

The long looked-for holiday came.  
The duff was brought into the forecas-  
tle (by the boys of course), and the  
sage crew gathered around it. It was  
a miserable batch of wormy, dirty flour,  
boiled in greasy water, and very few  
plums. One old Jack began by saying  
"it was like a piece of bloody putty, the  
bloody stuff!" Then there was no end to  
the abuse, and the crew, who were  
waited and wished for so long—borne  
with so much of want and hunger for?  
"I'll tell you what it is," said my young  
friend's chum, the American, "if that  
was brought into an American ship's  
forecastle we would not stand it a mo-  
ment. "No more will we," snorted  
the old barnacle board. "What say ye,  
mates, shall we carry it off?" "Aye, I  
say! aye! with it!" joined the chorus.

This carrying a complaint aft to the  
British lion's den is delicate business,  
and has to be arranged with a great deal  
of ceremony and etiquette. So it was  
performed in this case as follows: Two  
of the oldest hands headed the crew,  
each with his tin pan and piece of duff.  
Another old "heart of oak" that looked  
in his whiskers like a rat peeping out  
of a bunch of oakum, carried the kid a  
duff cut in the center. The rest of the  
crew followed in order according to  
their age and rank. The steward, dodg-  
ing about the cabin, saw the approach-  
ing "circus," and went up the cabin  
steps in time to receive the request of  
the foremost delegation for an inter-  
view with the captain. That awful  
functionary looked on and gravely made  
his appearance (I have read some Eng-  
lish author who says if you wish to  
impress others with your greatness,  
make them wait for you), and haughtily  
demanded the meaning of all this  
business.

The old men stated their case with  
their hats in their hands, each one with  
a look of hair over his left eye, and  
wished to "know" if it was master called  
that stuff in their pans fit for people  
to eat. "I don't see anything the mat-

ter with it." "But taste it—taste it,"  
was the demand. "Steward, steward,  
fetch me a fork," he pompously ordered.  
The steward brought the fork, where-  
upon the deliberately detached a morsel  
with a plum in it, put it in his mouth,  
smacked his lips and pronounced it ex-  
cellent, most excellent duff; they had  
ought to be ashamed to complain of  
such fare, and graver ordered the crew  
forward. This was too much. "You  
like it, do you, sir?" exclaimed one of  
the men. "Well, you can have mine,  
sir," and he heve it at the captain as he  
would a snow-ball. "Yes, yes," said  
another, "take mine," and he let fly.

Then they all roared in chorus, "You  
like it? eat mine and mine!" and they  
began to pelt him, till the old man  
with the kid yelled, "Yes, sir! take it  
all you are welcome to it," and heve  
kid and all down the stairs. Then they  
let their pans go at him. And the  
"dirty mate," as they called him, and  
our "Yankee beggar," who was forbid-  
den to come aft, the booby-hatch stood  
upon this coigne du vantage, took good  
aim over the heads of the rest and  
knocked the master's gold banded hat off.

The discomfited commander beat a  
retreat; the sailors had their revenge  
and felt better; the result was that the  
"official log" was produced; I suppose  
the British "horficer" noted the pro-  
ceedings down "by act of Parliament,"  
etc., etc. It was read over to the ring-  
leaders that they had insulted an officer  
in the Queen's navy by pelting him  
with duff, etc., for all of which they  
would be fined a day's pay or something  
of that sort, and they witnessed and  
signed it, exclaiming that it was worth  
a day's pay and they did not care a  
pinch of snuff for it.

## Reminiscences of Emerson.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott writes in the  
Youth's Companion: My first remem-  
brance is of the morning when I was  
sent to inquire for Little Waldo, then  
lying very ill. His father came to me  
so he got with watching and changed by  
sorrow that I was startled, and could  
only stammer out my message. "Child,  
he is dead," was his answer. "Then the  
door closed and I ran home to tell the  
tidings. I was only 8 years old,  
and that was my first glimpse of a  
great grief, but I never have forgotten  
the anguish that made a familiar face so  
tragic, and gave those few words more  
power than the sweet lamentations of  
the "Threnody."

Later, when we went to school with  
the little Emersons in their father's  
barn, I remember many happy times.  
When the illustrious papa was out on  
play-leave. Often piling us into a ber-  
decked hay-cart, he took us to berry,  
bathe, or picnic at Walden, making our  
day charming and memorable by show-  
ing us the places he loved; the wood-  
people Thoreau had introduced to him,  
or the wild flowers whose hidden homes  
he had discovered. So that when years  
afterward we read of "the sweet rho-  
dora in the wood," and "the burly,  
dumpy humblebee," or laughed over  
"The Mountain and the Squirrel," we  
recognized old friends; and thanked him  
for the delicate truth and beauty which  
make the immortal for us and others.

When the book man fell upon me at  
15, I used to venture into Mr. Em-  
erson's library and ask what I should  
read, never conscious of the audacity of  
my demand, so genial was my welcome.  
His kind hand opened to me the riches  
of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and  
Carlyle, and I gratefully recall the sweet  
patience with which he led me round  
the book-line room, till "the new out of  
very interesting book" was found; or  
the indulgent smile he wore when I  
proposed something far above my com-  
prehension. "Wait a little for that,"  
he said. "Meantime try this, and  
you like it, come again." For many of  
these wise books I am waiting still very  
patiently, because in his own I have  
found the truest delight, the best in-  
spiration of my life.

When these same precious volumes  
were tumbled out of the window while  
his house was burning some years ago,  
as I stood guarding the scorched vol-  
ume Mr. Emerson passed by, and, sur-  
veying the devastation with philosophic  
calmness, only said in answer to my la-  
mentations, "I see my library under a  
new aspect. Could you tell me where  
my good neighbors have hung my  
books?"

In the tribulations of later life this  
faithful house friend was an earthly  
Providence, conferring favors so beauti-  
fully that they were no burden and  
giving such sympathy in joy and sorrow  
that very tender ties were knit between  
this beneficent nature and the grateful  
heart he made his own. I have often  
seen him turn from distinguished guests  
to say a wise or kindly word to some  
humble worshipper sitting modestly in  
a corner, content merely to look and  
listen, and who went away to cherish  
that memorable moment long and grate-  
fully.

## Our Rulers.

Among some of the savage peoples of  
Africa when a new ruler is about to  
be put at their head he is subjected to  
the most outrageous treatment just be-  
fore the supreme authority is vested in  
him. He is beaten, bespattered with  
mud, and spat upon. Civilized races  
have found a better way of dealing with  
those whom they raise to positions of  
authority. They wait till their terms  
have nearly expired before they begin  
their worst abuse. It is the custom  
now to ordain expiring Legislatures,  
and in pursuance of it a Nashville paper  
says of the Tennessee law-makers that  
some of the members can "sit around on  
the streets in front of hotels and board-  
ing-houses, and look at treat cars and  
run to fires for four dollars a day.  
"Home, sweet Home," has few attrac-  
tions."

## Why They Raise Cotton.

Mr. Lewis, of the Detroit Free  
Press, in a letter from the South says:  
The average Georgia farmer who has  
100 acres of land puts at least eighty  
into cotton, another ten is divided be-  
tween corn, potatoes and truck, and the  
remainder is occupied by the house,  
sheds, etc. "It is a bad year for cotton  
he is cleaned out. If it is a good year  
he pays his debts and has something  
left over."

A Northern man would take the same  
land and put thirty into corn, the same  
into potatoes, ten into grass, and the  
remainder into wheat and oats. If it  
was a good year the wheat would run  
North. If it was a bad year it would  
run no less than the Northern average.  
His other crops could be counted on  
with certainty. His ten acres of oats  
would bring him more money than  
thirty of cotton. His thirty of corn  
would yield better than fifty of cotton.  
His potatoes alone would bring more  
cash than double the acres in cotton.  
He would make more clean cash from  
his ninety acres thus planted than any  
Georgia has ever made from 300 acres  
of the heavy staple.

You will then naturally ask why they  
don't farm that way in Georgia. The  
reason is because the Southern mer-  
chant and capitalist has the agricul-  
tural product by the throat, and he has  
holding on with a tenuous grip. When a Northern farmer wants tools or  
provisions the merchant gives him  
credit and he pays as he can. When a  
Southern farmer starts in he goes to a  
merchant and gives a lien on everything  
he may raise in order to procure guano,  
tools and provisions to run him through  
the season. The merchant not only  
charges him exorbitant prices, but  
obliges him to plant cotton. He will  
not let him split up his land into cotton,  
corn, oats, potatoes, etc., but insists  
that every acre shall go into cotton  
alone. When that cotton is ginned and  
baled it must go to the merchant who  
has the lien. He sells it on account,  
and he gets a commission for selling.  
If there is more than enough to pay him  
it goes to the farmer; if there is not,  
then the farmer must make another lien  
and hope for better luck. The mer-  
chant won't let him plant corn or pota-  
toes because he wants to furnish him  
these things at a big profit. It is the  
same with oats and hay. By keeping  
him on cotton he makes a profit on  
whatever the farmer eats and wears,  
and he makes another when he sells the  
cotton. It is a system which has been  
practiced for seventy-five years in var-  
ious Southern States, but it is probable  
that it has at last received its death-  
blow. The Georgia farmer is kicking  
against it with great vigor, and the  
Northern men who have gone down  
there with cash to buy farms and run  
them have struck hard blows against  
the evil. Sun up the system and it is  
from twenty to thirty per cent. interest.  
Not one farmer in ten who starts in  
that way ever gets out of debt. During  
the last year or two a money-lending  
association formed in the East has  
agents all over the South lending money  
on real estate at eight per cent, and  
hundreds of planters have found in it  
a way out of their difficulties.

Ten years ago Georgia was all cotton.  
To-day she is reaping the benefits of  
mixed crops. Her big planters raise  
less cotton and more oats, wheat and  
corn, and her small farmers have a mine  
of wealth in truck farming. Her farm-  
ing population is healthier, and more  
than in any other district in the South.

## The Proofreader's Troubles.

Speaking of contributors to the news-  
papers, a writer says: There is the mis-  
taker, who sends in a mere skeleton of a  
sermon, a page of which looks like the  
top of a tea box covered with Chinese  
hieroglyphics, all disconnected with  
sentences proper nouns written in dots  
and dashes, and the whole affair a com-  
plete enigma. However, he knows it  
will be all right, and that the printers  
and proofreaders will unravel it, so  
matter if they are fit subjects for the  
madhouse before they get through with  
it. Then there is the local reporter.

Well, he is a good fellow and means  
well; he has troubles of his own. But  
if he spells a name four different ways  
in an item three inches long, he knows  
the proofreader will drop everything,  
rush around, find a directory or some-  
thing else, and fix it all right before it  
goes into the paper. Also comes the  
statistical fiend, with his figures all  
presenting the same appearance, but  
not having time to cast up his columns  
for totals, knowing the proofreader is  
bound to fix them up. There are also  
country correspondents



Sample Copy---FREE.

## THE SKIN WE W.

If you and I, to-day  
Should stop and lay  
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall  
Where they will—  
Fall down to lie quite still—  
And if some other hand should come and stoop  
To find  
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,  
Beginning where it stopped, if it should come  
To keep  
Our life-work going; seek  
To carry on the good design  
Distinctively made yours, or mine,  
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true or false;  
Some threads we wind, some purpose so exalts  
That we look up to it, or down,  
As for a crown

To bow before, and we weave the threads  
Of different lengths and thickness—some mere  
shreds—  
And wind them round  
Till all the skein of life is bound,  
Sometimes forgetting at the task  
To ask  
The value of the threads, or choose  
Strong stuff to use.

No hand but winds some thread,  
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead  
But what it spins and winds a little skein,  
God made, each hand for work—not foil-stain

Is required, but every hand  
Spins, though but ropes of sand.  
If love should come,  
Shopping above when we are done,  
To find bright threads

That we have held, that we may spin them  
longer—  
Find this thread  
That break when touched, how cold,  
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands withhold  
The broken strands and know  
Fresh cause for woe.

## THE SPINNING MATCH.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Why, Joshua! I haven't seen ye  
for quite a spell! Set down, set right  
down!" said Amasa Perkins, as Joshua  
Giddings surprised him by walking into  
the old bar-room of what was once  
Petersham Tavern.

But it was a bar-room no longer. Bot-  
tles, kegs, demijohns, glass jars of  
lemons, gray earthen crocks for sugar,  
nutmeg-grater, tumblers, all were gone;  
only the box-stove and the short counter  
remained and the various arm-chairs;  
for Petersham Tavern was a tavern no  
more. Its day was done.

Stage-coaches had left the highway,  
and Amasa and his wife lived alone in a  
corner of the struggling old house that  
once had swarmed with guests—stage-  
roads stopping to dine; rich people travel-  
ing in their own carriages; peddlers,  
stock-drovers, itinerant doctors, bachelors  
and otherwise; menagerie people, Metho-  
dists on their way to Bantam Falls'—  
camp-meeting, fishermen bound for the  
clear brown brooks of the Taghonic  
Mountains, and hunters who hoped to  
find a deer or a bear in the still untrud-  
den depths of the forests, but were sure  
to return with plenty of quail and par-  
tridge.

Militia trainings, too, with their calls  
for hard rider, sling, dog's nose and  
other evil concoctions of the sort, were  
no longer held in Petersham, and as for  
summer boarders, Aunt Desire had al-  
ways steadily refused to take them,  
stigmatizing them with up-turned nose  
as "city-bred."

Joshua Giddings, who returned to  
night to the old place, was born in  
Petersham. After a short trial of hard  
farming in his younger days, he had  
gone to California early in the gold-  
fever years. Like many other adven-  
turers, he was unsuccessful at gold  
mining, but he had wisely settled down  
on a ranch near San Francisco, and had  
accumulated a little money, never losing  
in the isolation of his farm his Yankee  
tongue or his old attachment to Peter-  
sham, particularly to Amasa Perkins.  
He had called to see him now, only a  
few hours after his arrival, and to in-  
spect the changes forty-five years had  
wrought in his absence.

"I'm dreadfully glad to get back, now  
I tell ye, Amasy!" he said, as he settled  
down into the old green spindle-backed  
arm-chair and looked about him.  
"Things is some changed, to be sure,  
but 'th' old tavern's here yet."

"To be sure to be sure! and me and  
Desire, a-havin' in the corner o' it,  
like mice in a cheese. But I was born  
here, and so was my father afore me,  
and my granddaddy afore him. Perkinses  
her kep' tavern here time out o' time,  
ye may say; anyhow since Petersham  
was settled. And they would ha' been  
keepin' the tavern yet, if 'twasn't for  
them consarned steam tea-kettles on  
wheels a-rumblin' and fix-te-fizzin' and  
screetchin' all over the kentry."

"Tavern-keepin' is kinder played  
out," said Joshua, reflectively.

"This now, I tell ye. Jest to think  
of the good times when 'th' was a  
tavern to every town. Rides 'sions a-  
swingin' onto the signpost material as  
life; one foot a-pawin' and tail up; now  
they're split up for kindlin', or a-havin'  
like corn up in the wood-house cham-  
ber all dust. Why, your folks used to  
keep tavern over on Goshen Hill when  
times."

"They did. Granddaddy Spinner kep'  
it after Ma'am Hepsy Pratt up and died.  
Grandmother Spinner was her daught-  
er, ye know."

"Yes. I've heard tell they warnt  
much alike, though."

"I tell ye they warnt! I've heard  
Granddaddy Spinner tell more yarn about  
that old woman when I was a little

shaver! She was a real Tartar, I ex-  
pect; things had to gee her way, or the  
team didn't go. He was a weakly,  
limpy, pleasant-spoken man, forever a-  
takin' things for his stomach's sake;  
heeb-hee and angle-worm stirrup for the  
rheumatiz.

"But Granny Spinner she was a real  
spry young girl, and pleasant, too; as  
clever as a bobolink in May-time, and  
real handsum. I never see her. She  
died jest after my mother was born, and  
granddaddy married Betsy Baker, from  
Chester Corners, consider'ble quick.

"Folks spittered some 'cuses he was  
in a hurry, but Ma'am Hepsy'd had a  
shockanum palsy. Joshy'd been past  
plasters and hoppin'-toad 'tment full  
ten year; graveyard mould had cured his  
rheumatiz—his 'th' only sure cure, I  
expect, and a man can't keep tavern  
without a will, ye know."

"Betsy Baker was a screamer, and she  
could work. I bet anyting Ma'am  
Hepsy couldn't never have broke her  
down the way she did Granny Spinner."

"What! What do you mean?"

"Well, it's quite a story. Ye see, the  
Pratts hadn't only jest that one child,  
Celye, and she was fetched up to work;  
girls was in them days. Granddaddy  
Spinner he was hired on to Joshy Pratt  
when Celye was about nineteen, and he  
took a likin' to her and she to him."

"But, ye see, Ma'am Hepsy, she was  
bound an' possessed 't Celye should hev  
Squire Battle, because he had means—a  
big farm and some money in the Har-  
ford Bank."

"She didn't noway mistrust that Joshy  
Spinner favored Celye, for they didn't  
hev no need to keep company reglar,  
bein' always in the same house; and  
granddaddy he warnt real ready to make  
known his meanin' to the old folks. He  
wanted to lay up a little before settlin',  
so he and Celye 'greet to keep still."

"Well, in them days they need to  
spin all the linen; some was striped for  
to make gowns and petticoats, and  
some was for sheets and some for shirts.  
The women-folks spun the thread, and  
this 'was always somebody's had a loom  
ready for to weave it."

"Ma'am Hepsy she used consider'ble  
linen in the tavern, and Celye she spun  
heaps and heaps o' yarn, and of the  
best, too."

"Girls in them days warnt taught to  
pound on a pinnery, or do on plates and  
sancers, or make jig-a-marees out o'  
paper with holes all over it, or stuff  
with the threads drawn out. They  
learned to make good, sweet bread and  
doughnuts and ginger-cakes an'  
doughnuts and lemon-cakes. She was  
fetched up to make 'biled injun puddin',  
to roast a pig to a turn and to get up  
biled dinners and mix swiches for  
hungry folks at hayin'-time. Folks  
didn't have dyspepsy then and hev to  
liv on horse-fodder."

"Celye was fetched up by line an'  
rule. She got up early and went to bed  
early, but she warnt real and aliminy,  
and she was kinder tall and aliminy,  
and had a pretty color forever comin'  
an' goin' in her face as though somethin'  
flushed up an' flickered out continous  
inside her."

"But Ma'am Hepsy she was made of  
steel springs an' sole-leather herself,  
and she never spared nobody no more'n  
she spared herself, and that warnt a  
mite any time."

"Well, it came about that the 'was a  
quillin' frolic one time up to the tavern;  
he was several pieced quilts, so 'th' frames  
was set up in the old ball-room. They  
used to hev balls and sleigh rides  
and country court and what-not in that  
room in them days; all in the tavern,  
Goshen bein' the shire town."

"Well, ye see, as this quillin' Miss  
Baker, she that was 'Lizy Ann Spinner,  
my granddaddy's half-sister, she begun to  
fuss 'bout the runs o' 'th' quilt she spun  
that week, and one and another of the  
women got a-tellin' and a-tryin' for to  
take the wind out o' her sails, so to  
speak; and all every one a-boastin',  
what they could ha' done if they could  
ha' buckled to it without anyting to  
hender 'em."

"Now, Ma'am Hepsy was 'ceter 'n a  
weasel. She had one eye or the main  
chance the hull time, whatever the other  
was a-doin', and she spoke up kinder  
laughin' and see she:

"I'll tell ye what, well get up a  
spinnin'-match here. There's room for  
ten wax wheels here in a row. I'll send  
Joshy Spinner around to fetch 'em in the  
cart, and the girls shall come to the  
reelin', for I mean to hev the married  
folk try first, and I'll give ye all a rous-  
in good supper, and give a fat turkey to  
the one that spins the most runs be-  
tween sun-up and sun-down."

"Well, they were mighty tickled, and  
'lowed they'd come a Wednesday week.  
So come they did—ten married women  
and ten girls to wait on 'em. They  
warnt to stop for no dinner, only jest  
to take a drink o' water, the girls was to  
fill the distaffs and reel the yarn."

"I tell ye there was considerable buzz  
to Goshen tavern that day! and down  
to the kitchen there was such a bakin'  
an' bilin' an' roastin' a-go-in as never  
was. But, mind ye, 'twas all Ma'am  
Hepsy's flax they spun, and she was to  
hev the thread! They warnt their supper  
livin'."

"Come along towardst the end o' the  
afternoon, and Henery Beach he come in  
jest to see the fun. His wife was one o'  
the spinnin', and he set by her dread-  
fully; thought the sun set an' set in her  
face, and he warnt no more afore sun-down."

"Henery see his wife was 'white as a  
sheet, her eyes a-shinin', and the breath  
a-comin' like a hound's when he's most  
come up with the fox, and the sweat  
standin' on her forehead till her curls

was stringin' wet, and he jest stepped  
up, as capable as ever you see, and  
snapped her yarn right off."

"Lyddy," says he, "you shan't kill  
yourself jest for a run o' yarn!"

"Well, she bust out a-cryin', and  
cried like a baby. She was fired-out,  
and mad, and disappinted; but she had  
to stop, and of course, Miss Miller beat  
the crowd."

"Well, when it come supper-time, the  
men-folks that was asked came in, and  
they had real sport, and Miss Miller she  
carried off the turkey as pop-laz as a  
hen with one chickin', and Squire Bat-  
tle he spoke up and see he:

"That's fair to let the married folks  
carry off all the honors. I propose 't  
we have a spinnin'-match for the girls  
next week, and I'll give a gold ring to  
the one that beats them."

"So they settled to have it. What-  
ever privacy he had about it with  
Ma'am Hepsy, I don't know, nobody  
ever knowed; he nor she never told.  
But afterwards she let slip somethin' o'  
'nother, more once, that showed he'd  
gin her the idee that the ring would be  
a weddin'-ring, and his'n at that; and  
she was clear determined Celye should  
get it."

"She knew the girl was smart and  
had good grit, and she kep' a-puttin'  
her up to beat, all the week, sayin' how  
'someday she should feel after givin' two  
suppers, if her daughter couldn't lead  
the crowd, and so on, as women folks  
will when they get possessed to hev  
their own way, and try to move heaven  
and air for 'em."

"She knew well enough that Squire  
Battle wanted a wife to look after the  
dairy, for he couldn't get a woman to  
house-keep that really suited of him  
sence Roxey White left him to get mar-  
ried."

"Ye see, his wife had been dead givin'  
on two year, and Roxey was help her  
before, Miss Battlebein' sort of consump-  
tion; and the squire said when Roxey  
went that he didn't know what he could  
do but get married, for hired help didn't  
take no interest."

"Fact is, he was dreadful near, and  
he bruchit paying out money for help."

"Well, come next week the 'was ten  
girls to them wax-wheels at sun-up, and  
Celye to the head o' 'em. They didn't  
stop for nothin'. They calc'lated that  
they'd do better to eat a mile betwixt  
breakfast and supper, for last time the  
women had grumbled some about goin'  
without; said it made them feel as  
though they should break in two. So  
this time the women that filled the dis-  
taffs fixed vittles for 'em and 'let 'em  
have a good dinner, and so 'twas that  
didn't have to stop a minute."

"Well, it's a most monstrous big story  
to tell, but it's the livin' truth, when  
the sun set, Celye Pratt had spun  
seven wax wheels, and two run bein'  
called a hull day's work when you spin."

"But it done for her; she fainted  
dead away right off, and they took her  
up to bed, and Squire Battle said he'd  
keep the ring till she got well, but  
she never had no ring from him."

"Joshy Spinner he was a-fussin' round  
outside a day or two after that, and  
Squire Battle came into the barn to look  
at a pair o' colts, a drover had fetched  
over from Sharon to sell, and 'long  
come Henery Beach and talked to 'em  
a spell, and 'twasn't no privacy, so Joshy  
he kep' on what he was doin' and heared  
it all. A pretty soon Henery says:

"Well, squire, have ye put that  
gold ring onto Celye's weddin'-finger  
yet?"

"No!" says the squire, crosser'n  
thunder. "No, nor I shan't, never. I  
don't want no sick folks for my house,  
that can't stay a day's spinnin' at  
all. I won't pick her up now for a cent!"

"Joshy he jest stepped in an' giv' him  
one o' his fists and felled him like a ox.  
'You couldn't hev had her, you big  
 brute, anyway! I says he, a-lookin' down  
at him. 'For she's promised to me this  
year back; you can giv' that ring o'  
yours to one o' the Ellwilt tribe, sence  
it's a nigger slave you're a-lookin'  
after."

"The squire fetched him into court  
about it; but when the judge heared the  
hull story, he fined Joshy jest six  
cents, and give Squire Battle a piece of  
his mind besides."

"So Ma'am Hepsy," when she heared  
on't all, why, she was moderately will-  
in to let Joshy marry Celye, and mar-  
ried they was; but Celye never see a  
well day after her spinnin'-match. Old  
Dr. Sheldon said 'twas the hard work  
right along for twelve hours that broke  
her down, because she'd got Joshy's  
constitution and Ma'am Hepsy's ambi-  
tion."

"She jest lived till my mother was  
born, and she died, a-holdin' on to  
Joshy's hand to the last minute."

"Ma'am Hepsy wa'n't there; she said  
she'd got to see Joshy, but folks mis-  
trustin' she felle-bad and didn't call out  
to show it. Maybe, she had a heart;  
women-folks are consider'ble apt to hev  
that instiduction, 'but she kep' it well  
covered up; 'twos kinder weakly, I ex-  
pect."

"Somebody told Granddaddy Spinner a  
spell after that Henery Beach an' Lyddy  
came to the funeral, and cried, both on  
com, like stucco; and as they was a-  
comin' out o' the yard Lyddy looked up  
at him and says, half-sobbin':

"O Henery! that might be me a-  
lyin' there to-day if you hadn't have  
snapped my yarn! and I was so mad at  
you."

"But he never said nothin', only  
lifted her into the chaise and driv' off,  
a-lookin' at her as though he couldn't  
never stop. I expect he had thought it  
all over quite a while before."

"Well, that's how Joshy Spinner come  
to be my granddaddy, an' kep' tavern on  
Goshen Hill. I tell ye, lots o' things hap-  
pened in them old taverns, Amasy."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

## THE PLUM DUFF.

An Amusing Little Story of the Sea.

"Kunnehecker," in the Boston Jour-  
nal tells a funny story of Captain Mel-  
ville, the Governor of the Sallers' Snug  
dharbor.

It is well known that "the Governor"  
the brother of the author, Herman  
Melville, and the rest of the letter's  
book "Redburn" will notice that he  
dedicates it to his young brother, then  
on his first voyage to China. It was on  
a voyage to and from China that the  
young brother stowed away many good  
stories to be related to his friends after-  
ward, and one he told me when he was  
"Chief" of a crack Boston clipper ship.

He was afloat in China and looking for  
a ship. Now it happened that an Eng-  
lish ship, on board of which something  
had occurred, depriving her of her offi-  
cers and crew, from captain down, was  
recruiting a new ship's company. An  
officer from a British man-of-war was  
detailed to navigate the ship to Eng-  
land, and the rest were, from the maste-  
down, of the roughest sort.

Our young, sailor, and his chum,  
another American, determined to try  
their fortunes under the British flag.  
There was no end of trouble and de-  
vility, want of discipline and everything  
that was good as a link to these haru-  
mously sailor boys, and the passage  
was tedious on. One night in the  
dog watch, while the old tub of a tea-  
kettle Royal Briton was rolling along,  
my young friend was perched upon the  
mast, steering his trick at the wheel.

He told me the light was a miserable  
slush lamp, with a wick of oakum. He  
could hardly see the compass, and much  
less the point. The noble commander  
was poking the deck, and with the aid  
of his eye-glass and a flicker of the rude  
light, discovered that the ship was a  
point off her course. "This never'll do,  
ye know," said he, "you can't go on  
like this. You're an American bender?"

This stung our young sailor to the quick,  
and he adopted the British fashion of  
"cheeking" the master at once.

"I can see this ship, sir," said he,  
"but not a box like this." This caused  
the lord of creation to explode in fierce  
invectives upon all "blasted Yankees."

The consequence was, that at eight  
o'clock the grumpy mate came aft,  
touched the knuckle of his fore-finger  
to a lock of hair sticking out from under  
his cap, in token of respect, to await  
the master's orders, who told him to  
sign the American flag and never  
again to let him use his fore-finger to be-  
seal about the boshy isle. "The mate  
received his orders, and asked if he  
should 'make it eight bells, as it was  
eight o'clock."

"Very well, sir, make  
it eight bells," I believe, on board of an  
English ship is the rule. Eight bells  
in the evening is never struck, until the  
captain gives the order, as he may wish  
some other order executed first.

This was a ridiculous ship, and there  
was very little to eat on board. But  
the steward pacified the grumbling crew  
with the fact that "Christmas was com-  
ing, and the master had promised a plum  
pudding for the hands."

This carrying a complaint aft to the  
captain, I once upon a time, spent a few  
months in England. I noticed that  
among the lower classes the last half of  
a week seemed to be spent in looking for-  
ward to the Sabbath, when they were to  
have the only real meal of the week,  
their "roast beef and plum pudding, or  
chicken and cabbage," and they  
dwelt upon it for the first half of the  
week that followed, when they turned  
their longing appetites to the following  
Sunday. It seemed so to me. The cap-  
tain of this ship probably was acquainted  
with the habit, and thought he could  
use Christmas the same as his country-  
men did the Sabbath, i. e., live on it for  
a long passage.

The snug looked-for holiday came.  
The duff was brought into the forecas-  
e (by the boys of course), and the  
eager crew gathered around it. It was  
a miserable batch of wormy, dirty flour,  
bolled into lumps, and some plum  
pudding. One old Jack began by saying  
"It was like a piece of bloody putty, the  
bloody stuff!" Then there was no end to  
the indignation. Was this what they had  
waited and fasted for so long—home  
with no much of want and hunger for?

"I'll tell you what it is," said my young  
friend's chum, the American, "if that  
was brought into an American ship's  
fore-cabin, we would not stand it a mo-  
ment. 'No more will we,' snorted  
an old barnacle back. 'What say ye,  
mates, shall we carry it aft?' 'Aye! I  
say! aft with it!' joined the chorus."

The old man's den is delicate business,  
and has to be arranged with a great deal  
of ceremony and etiquette. So it was  
performed in this case as follows: Two  
of the oldest hands headed the crew,  
each with his tin pan and piece of duff.  
Another old "heart of oak" that looked  
in his whiskers like a rat peeping out  
of a bunch of oakum, carried the kid (a  
small wooden tub), with a lot of the  
duff out in the center. The rest of the  
crew followed in order according to  
their age and rank. The steward, dodg-  
ing about the cabin, saw the approach-  
ing "cannons," and went up the cabin  
stair in time to receive the request of  
the foremost delegation for an inter-  
view with the captain. That awful  
functionary leisurely and gravely made  
his appearance (I have read some En-  
glish authors who says if you wish to  
impress others with your greatness,  
make them wait for you), and haughtily  
demanded "the meaning of all this  
blasted row?"

The old man stated their case with  
their hats in their hands, each one with  
a look of hair over his left eye, and  
wished to know if the master could  
that stuff (in their pants) fit for people  
to eat. "I don't see anything the mat-

ter with it." "But taste it—taste it,"  
was the demand. "Steward, steward,  
fetch me a fork," he pompously ordered.  
The steward brought the fork, where-  
upon he deliberately detached a morsel  
with a plum in it, put it in his mouth,  
smacked his lips and pronounced it ex-  
cellent, most excellent duff; they had  
ought to be ashamed to complain of  
such fare, and grandly ordered the crew  
forward. This was for much. "You  
like it, do you, sir?" exclaimed one of  
the men. "Well, you can have mine,  
sir," and he hove it at the captain as he  
would a snow-ball. "Yes, yes," said  
another, "take mine," and he let fly.

Then they all roared in chorus, "Yoi  
like it? eat mine and mine!" and they  
began to pelt him, till the old man  
with the kid yelled, "Yes, sir! take it  
all you are welcome to it," and hove  
kid and all down the stairs. Then they  
let their pans go at him. And the  
"dirty mate," as they called him, and  
our "Yankee beggar," who was forbid-  
den to come aft, the booby-hatch stood  
upon this coigne du vantage, took good  
aim over the heads of the rest and  
knocked the master's gold banded bat off.

The discomfited commander beat a  
retreat; the sailors had their revenge  
and felt better; the result was that the  
"official log" was produced; I suppose  
the British "horficer" noted the pro-  
ceedings down "by act of Parliament,"  
etc., etc. It was read over to the ring-  
leaders that they had insulted an officer  
in the Queen's navy by pelting him  
with duff, etc., for all of which they  
would be fined day's pay or something  
of that sort, and they witnessed and  
signed it, exclaiming that it was worth  
a day's pay and they did not care a  
pinch of snuff for it.

Reminiscences of Emerson.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott writes in the  
Youth's Companion: My first remem-  
brance is of the morning when I was  
sent to inquire for little Waldo, then  
lying very ill. His father came to me  
alone. When that cotton is ginned and  
baled it must go to the merchant who  
has the lien. He sells it on account,  
and he gets a commission for selling.  
If there is more than enough to pay him,  
it goes to the farmer; if there is not,  
then the farmer must make another lien  
and hope for better luck. The mer-  
chant won't let him plant corn or po-  
tatoes because he wants to furnish with  
these things a big profit. It is the  
same with oats and hay. By keeping  
him on cotton he makes a profit on  
whatever the farmer eats and wears,  
and he makes another when he sells the  
cotton. It is a system which has been  
practiced for seventy-five years in vari-  
ous Southern States, but it is probable  
that it has at last received its death-  
blow. The Georgia farmer is kicking  
against it with great vigor, and the  
Northern man who have gone down  
there with cash to buy farms and run  
them have struck hard blows against  
the evil. Sum up the system and it is  
from twenty to thirty per cent. inter-  
est. Not one farmer in ten who starts in  
that way ever gets out of debt. During  
the last year or two a money-lending  
association formed in the East has had  
agents all over the South collecting  
money at eight per cent, and  
hundreds of planters have found in it  
a way out of their difficulties.

Ten years ago Georgia was all cotton.  
To-day she is reaping the benefits of  
mixed crops. Her big planters raise  
less cotton and more oats, wheat and  
corn, and her small farmers have a mine  
of wealth in truck farming. Her farm-  
ing population is nearer out of debt  
than in any other district in the South.

Why They Raise Cotton.

Mr. Lewis, of the Detroit Free  
Press, in a letter from the South says:  
The average Georgia farmer who has  
100 acres of land puts at least eighty  
into cotton, another ten is divided be-  
tween corn, potatoes and truck, and the  
remainder is occupied by the house,  
sheds, etc. "It is a bad year for cotton  
he is cleaned out. If it is a good year  
he pays his debt, and has something  
left over."

A Northern man would take the same  
land and put thirty into corn, the same  
into potatoes, ten into grass, and the  
remainder into wheat and oats. If it  
was a good year the wheat would run  
ten bushels to the acre more than in the  
North. If it was a bad year it would  
run no less than the Northern average.  
His other crops could be counted on  
with certainty. His ten acres of oats  
would bring him more money than his  
thirty of cotton. His thirty of corn  
would yield better than fifty of cotton.  
His potatoes alone would bring more  
cash than double the acres in cotton.  
He would make more clean cash from  
his ninety acres thus planted than his  
Georgia has ever made from 300 acres  
of the fleece staple.

You will then naturally ask why they  
don't farm that way in Georgia. The  
reason is because the Southern mer-  
chant and capitalist has the agricul-  
tural producer by the throat and he is  
holding on with a tenacious grip.  
When a Northern farmer wants tools or  
provisions the merchant gives him  
credit and he pays as he can. When a  
Southern farmer starts in he goes to a  
merchant and gives a lien on everything  
he may raise in order to procure guano,  
tools and provisions to run him through  
the season. The merchant not only  
charges him exorbitant prices, but  
obliges him to plant cotton. He will  
not let him split up his land into cotton,  
corn, oats, potatoes, etc., but insists  
that every acre shall go into cotton.  
When that cotton is ginned and  
baled it must go to the merchant who  
has the lien. He sells it on account,  
and he gets a commission for selling.  
If there is more than enough to pay him,  
it goes to the farmer; if there is not,  
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of wealth in truck farming. Her farm-  
ing population is nearer out of debt  
than in any other district in the South.

The Proofreader's Troubles.

Speaking of contributors to the news-  
papers, a writer says: There is the min-  
ister, who sends in a mere skeleton of  
sermon; a page of which looks like the  
top of a tea box covered with Chinese  
hieroglyphics, all disconnected with  
Scripture proper names written in dots  
and dashes, and the whole affair a  
complete enigma. However, he knows it  
will be all right, and that the printers  
and proofreaders will unravel it, no  
matter if they are fit subjects for the  
madhouse before they get through with  
it. Then there is the local reporter.

Well, he is a good fellow and means  
well; he has troubles of his own. But  
if he spells a name four different ways  
in an item three inches long, he knows  
the proofreader will drop everything,  
rush around, find a directory or some-  
thing else, and fix it all right before it  
goes into the paper. Also comes the  
statistical fiend, with his figures all  
presenting the same appearance, but  
not having time to cast up his columns  
for totals, knowing the proofreader is  
bound to fix them up. There are also  
country correspondents, the young poet,  
the scientist, and the linguistic Smart  
Aleck, who can't write five lines without  
scattering in bits of French, Latin, and  
Spanish, to show that he has been  
there. It matters not whether he gets  
his foreign words in right or not, the  
proofreader must scratch around and  
get everything right somehow, or the  
next day he will hear from the powers  
at the sanctum. In fact, to be a suc-  
cessful proofreader should be an an-  
imate encyclopedia, with the patience of  
Job and the endurance of adamant—  
but he is not, and hence his troubles.

Our Rulers.



# OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1882.

## An Independent Local Newspaper.

Terms: \$1.50 per year. When paid in advance \$1.25. All papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Address, ADVERTISER, Norway, Maine.

## Announcement.

After a lapse of nearly two months, we resume the publication of the ADVERTISER. In the main, the paper will be the same as formerly. It will endeavor to gather up the local news and present it to its subscribers in a readable shape. As in the past the ADVERTISER will be independent in politics.

We labor under many difficulties in regard to our list—as every thing was lost in the fire—and our present list is made up from memory and must necessarily be incomplete. We hope all those who have been omitted will notify us at once.

Messrs. J. A. Seitz & Son have sold us their County list of subscribers and their interest in job printing in this County. They will continue the publication of the *True Religion* at North Conway, N. H.

## Old and New.

Mrs. Scoville thinks she ought to have a divorce.

Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator arrived in New York, Sunday.

The grand jury has found four more indictments in the Star Route cases.

The vacation season is here. Tall figuring on finances in many families.

Monday, the House passed the pension bill appropriating \$100,000,000.

Oscar Wild was the first to discover that there are greenbacks to sunflowers.

E. W. Allen's stable at Canton was recently struck by lightning and set on fire.

The Republicans of Oxford County held their County Convention at Paris Hill next Tuesday.

Jewish refugees who arrived in Manitoba are suffering severely, and they strongly dissuade further emigration to Canada.

Miss H. E. Shaw, daughter of Rev. E. F. Shaw, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Oxford Democrat*, was recently married to Dr. J. W. Whidden of Saco.

The population of the city of New York, according to the latest figures, is 1,206,299. Over one third of the number are foreigners.

Bob Ingersoll, it is reported, has lost \$50,000 in a copper-mining speculation. As far as we can discover the mistakes of Moses did not include flirtation with fancy mining stocks.

The ragpickers of St. Louis have formed an association "to show the public that men can be ragpickers and gentlemen at the same time." This is a very praiseworthy movement, and the association ought to be encouraged.

What terrible things are in store for the future! "The time is at hand," says a New York broker, "when men in want of bread and clothing will be frenzied, and they will drag William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould from their carriages on Fifth Avenue, and dash their brains out on the pavement."

Mr. Lewis Leavitt, of Canton, has planted 36 acres of sweet corn and has invested in a patent scare-crow run by clock-work to keep the crows from pulling it up. Mr. L. is building an addition to his corn canning factory, which is located on his farm. He has engaged about one hundred and fifty acres of corn for canning in addition to his own.

A Professor Gunning, up in Michigan, is lecturing on "After Man, What?" A Fort Wayne editor, who has been there, rises to remark that it is generally the sheriff or some woman.

"What lunatic asylum is that?" asked a stranger, pointing to a building from which the most horrible sounds were issuing. "Why, my dear sir," was the reply, "that is not a lunatic asylum. That is a female seminary; this is the practice hour."

This year of tempests and cyclones seems to be justifying its reputation. A terrific tornado did \$25,000 damage to steamboats at St. Louis, Saturday, \$50,000 damage was done in the city, all told. In central Iowa, the town of Grinnel was ruined by a tornado on Saturday. Malcom and Brooklyn, Iowa, were also levelled. At Grinnel there are forty-one dead and others dying, and 150 houses were destroyed, with \$600,000 worth of property. It is believed the tornado killed 100 persons and wounded about 300. The path of the tornado is now well defined as having been about twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide, extending five miles north-west of Grinnel, and twenty miles south-east.

Guiteau has less than ten days to live.

The final adjournment of Congress will probably be about July 15th. Tuesday began the forty-fifth year of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The most important business is to know what ought to be done.

An appeal has been made for aid to those who suffered by the recent tornado in the West.

Edward Fabian of Boston read in Concert Hall Thursday evening. He is sure to please his audience.

Are the potato-bugs going to win?—*Ossipee Valley News*. Don't know; who have they nominated?—*Item*.

Seventy-five persons at Adrian, Mich., have been poisoned by eating a certain brand of cheese, none, however, fatally.

More lives and property have been lost on the Newfoundland banks this year by icebergs than for many years past.

Immense icebergs fill the ocean for 100 miles off Newfoundland. The latest sailors report they never saw so much ice at sea.

You never find out how bad a man is till he's nominated for office, and you never know how good he has been until you read his obituary.

Our navy may be worthless, but who can say the army is a failure when better waltzers are turned out from West Point in 1882, than in any previous year.

Over five and a quarter millions of dollars in gold bars for coinage were sent from New York to Philadelphia, Monday. Six millions more were sent Tuesday.

A servant girl discovered a man in the library of Chief Justice Park a few days ago. While she went for assistance, all of the family being absent, the man jumped from the window and escaped.

The New York Board of Aldermen yesterday passed resolutions urging railroad, steamship and other corporations employing laborers, to increase their wages to \$2 per day.

"Life is but a span." Yes, but it is a span that must be well handled. It is also a span that never fails to kick the driver into eternity when the end of the road is reached.

An intelligent compositor not far from this office transformed "A fierce fight at the poles," into "a prize-fight of the feds." The typo still lives, but remains in a comatose condition.

Addison E. Herrick, Esq., of Bethel, law partner of Enoch Foster, Esq., and Miss Minnie D. Chase, only daughter of Capt. M. K. Chase, of Bluehill, were married June 19th.

Special despatches generally report a fine outlook for the corn crop in the corn sections of Illinois. Early planted corn stands 8 or 10 inches high and has been cultivated two or three times.

Never go into a newspaper office to shoot the editor. If you do you had better bring your coffin along. Many editors have skeletons in their closets, and it is no uncommon thing for ghosts to be found about the haunts of printers.

"Father, you are an awful brave man," said a Detroit youth as he smoothed the old man's gray locks, the other evening. "How do you know that, Willie?" "Oh, I heard some men down at the store say that you killed thousands of soldiers during the war." "Me? Why I was a beef contractor for the army!" "Yes that's what they said," explained young innocence, as he slid for the kitchen.

Nearly all the White Mountain Hotels were opened Saturday 17 inst. The Glen House, which is thought by many to be the finest of the Mountain Houses, entertained 38 guests last Sunday; 34 more than the corresponding Sunday of last year. The prospect of a rush at the Mountains, this season was never more flattering.

An Austin man started in the livery stable business last week, and the first thing he did was to have a big sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of an admiring friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you, but who is that fellow holding you by the bridle?"

A kindly policeman picked a drunken man out of a gutter, and, perceiving that his head was bent over to one side, set about straightening it by main strength. The fellow lazily opened his eyes and remarked: "Born so, mister, born so."

As might have been expected, on arriving in England Mr. P. T. Barnum at once took to the lecture field, and addressed the British public on the ever fascinating theme of "Jumbo." He reported to all inquirers, who thronged to hear him by thousands, that their one-time pet was getting along famously in America, and had become a strict teetotaler, thus adding much weight and strength to the temperance cause.

It is understood that the Greenbackers of Oxford county will call their county convention on the 8th of August. Col. Reed says he still expects to save the neck of his client, Guiteau, but how he hopes to do it he lets nobody know.

In the House of Lords a motion for the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister was defeated by a vote of 128 to 132.

A Brooklyn man charged with burglary dressed himself in his mother's nightgown to escape detection and afterward made a bold dash for freedom.

"What a change," exclaims the novelist Roe, "one little woman can make in a man's life!" Exactly; and what a heap of "change" she requires while doing it.

Victor Hugo is credited with the remark "That the 19th century has made a man of the negro; in the 20th century Europe will have made a world of Africa."

A few days ago a New York policeman searched a respectable man accused of pocket picking in the street in full view of the passers-by. The indignant victim has brought suit for damages.

No danger of confederate bonds running short. They can be engraved and printed for about a cent a piece, and several men have gone into it for a living. Bring on your market and the bonds will be there.

Memphis papers say that recent warm weather has had a marvellous effect on the cotton crop, and planters are hopeful of a good yield. The grain crops of Tennessee will be a surprise to the great West this year. Corn and clover are doing well in all parts of the State, and rye, oats and barley will be an advance on previous years.

The illustrated Fryberg Webster Memorial soon to be published by A. F. Lewis, will contain a hitherto unpublished Fourth of July oration, by Daniel Webster, at the age of 22, when Principal of Fryberg Academy, with many of his letters, as well as poems written by him while at college and at Fryberg; a poem by Longfellow on Lovewell's Fight, a poem by John Whittier, descriptive of Fryberg's mountain scenery; also numerous other poems descriptive of Fryberg's history and scenery, several of the latter having been specially written for this Memorial.

The cost of a wedding to the New York man moving in society is thus reckoned up by a society paper: The ceremony over, the minister's fee must be paid. This is usually \$100, and seldom less, while the sexton gets \$25 unless he has charge of the other arrangements, when, of course, his pay is much higher. The general manager of the invitations, carriages, etc., is paid according to the length of time of his services; never less than \$100. The caterer's bill, at a low estimate is always \$500; the music costs \$50, and the flowers, say for an autumn wedding, including bridesmaids, bouquets and every thing, \$800. There are many additional expenses, such as arranging of presents, for which a special man is engaged, the hiring of detectives to watch the presents, carriage fare, etc., which may be set down at \$100 more.

A Rocky Hill boy of fourteen was found with a cage of seven orioles, otherwise known as golden robins or fire-hang birds. These he had trapped in ignorance of the fact that the law provides a penalty of \$5 fine and ten days imprisonment for each bird. He was taken to the police station on complaint of a member of the Connecticut humane society. There he willingly released the birds, which flew away contentedly. The boy was released, no complaint being made against him because of his evident sincerity in alleging ignorance of the law. On the contrary, the humane society man, taking pity at his disappointment at the wrecking of his little speculation, gave him 50 cents. The oriole is one of the valuable birds for destroying objectionable insects, and is carefully protected by law.—*Hartford Courant*.

The new summer retreat erected by Dr. Buzzell, at Highland Park, Fryberg, will be ready for guests July 1st. It is located upon an eminence commanding some of the finest views of the mountains, and of the rivers and lakes of the region, is in the midst of the primeval forest, and yet is easily accessible. For seven or eight years the Doctor has been making improvements upon his estate, and each season it has been visited by hundreds who have heard of the beauty of its situation, and its unique log cabin museum. The wish has often been expressed that a summer retreat open to the public might be erected in this private park, and this has at length been accomplished. Pure air, pure water, good beds, home comforts, a generous table, and large rooms, each with its open fire-place, are assured to guests. One of the finest drives in the country is that winding through the mile of forest by which the buildings on the summit of the crest is reached.

## South Waterford.

We are very glad to know that you have again risen out of great tribulation, and that fire and water has failed in its attempt to "wipe you out." It takes brains to contend with mankind, but to contend successfully against the elements, requires both courage and muscle; glad to see you are possessed with both; may you more than succeed in your present undertaking.

I started to say something about So. Waterford, but for the life of me, I don't know who to talk about. I am not good for telling things about my neighbors. I don't know of one that I have any ill will against, so let's talk about nature.

As usual we have had to endure the annual howl and growl of the farmers on account of the lateness of the season—no crops, no hay, no nothing—hay will be hay this year—later bugs, etc. Yet with all these bug-bears, the present evidences indicate a most bountiful harvest. Grass, fruit, and other crops never looked better at this time of the year. We and Mr. Greeley know something about farming, that's so.

The industries of this village are all doing a good business. Cobb & Hapgood's flouring and board mills—Nelson's bucket factory—Watson's salt box manufactory are worked to their full capacity. Ayer's wool carding mill is very busy, turning out 150 lbs. wool daily. Josiah Monroe, Esq., is manufacturing large quantities of shoo.

The South Waterford Brass Band has reorganized, and we hope will become a permanent institution. They look fine in their new caps. They will take part in the "Great Band Tournament at Lake Moranacook."

It is no use; I must talk about my neighbors!

Mr. Charles Nelson of New York city is visiting his friends here, for a few days.

Hon. J. C. Gerry of Portland, is spending a few days at his country home.

Our hotels are being "put in order." Landlords are anticipating a busy season for them. The Waterford House, (Capt. Appleby, Proprietor,) has received a new dress. The Captain is an "old salt;" he knows how to make your heart glad.

Dr. Wilson is riding in one of "Libby's best."

The Village district school is being taught by Miss Lizzie S. Hewey, a graduate of Farmington Normal School. Miss Hewey ranks as one of the best teachers in the State.

I suppose Bartlett E. Sanford would give \$5 to know where Martin York caught 175 nice trout in two hours, a few days ago. Well, I know!

Charles Young's "Plummer Colt," at his first trial, turned the track in 2:40.

Mr. Leonard, while piling bark, slipped and injured his knee badly.

Geo. Hall informs us that his patent "Rail Road Gate," is about to be adopted by the M. C. Railroad. Its working is a success.

## Boister's Mills.

Several young ladies of this place are engaged in teaching during the summer.

The school here is progressing finely under the instruction of Miss Clark, of Naples, an experienced teacher.

The Reform Club continues to hold its meetings weekly, and they are well attended and generally quite interesting.

Mr. Charles Stevens has moved to this place and occupies the house recently owned and occupied by Mrs. Griffin. He intends to work at blacksmithing.

Mr. Edwards has put about forty feet on one end of Daniel Brett's barn this Spring; also a new roof upon Greeley Jordan's barn, and has several other jobs engaged.

Oscar V. Edwards, of this place, has bought of L. H. Stuart the lot between M. Hancock's store and the grist mill owned by O. G. Cook, and intends to build a large shop, two stories high, to be used for blacksmith and carpenter work.

Miss Ella Stuart is teaching at Spurr's Corner; Miss R. B. Dorman at the Center Dist. in Harrison; Miss Ella M. Lovewell in the Sawyer Dist. on the "Gore;" and Miss Lizzie E. Lovewell in the Haskell District in Sweden.

Mr. Plummer has sawed about two hundred cords of birch into spool timber and a large lot of boards, and staves, and has engaged a Mr. Knight of Waterford, to draw the same to the depot at Norway. He is now engaged in hauling the timber with a team of four horses.

Rev. J. C. Snow, pastor of the Methodist Church at Waterford, Otisfield, and Sweden, preaches here once in two weeks, in the afternoon; and Rev. Mr. Twardt, pastor of the F. W. Baptist Church at East Otisfield, on the alternate Sabbath, giving us one sermon each Sabbath.

## Locke's Mills.

The grist mill, run by Mr. Le Broke, is a very nice affair, and makes as good flour as is made this side of the Western states.

The chief enterprise of our village is the spool factory, which works up hundreds of cords of birch annually, and employs a large number of our people inside the mill as well as out.

We also boast of two thrifty stores, owned and run by Messrs. E. E. Rand and A. G. Woodsum, who are up to the times, both in fitting up their stores and in selling out their goods.

The vicinity of Locke's Village is full of interest to the romantic traveller. Surrounded by lofty mountains, large ponds, level roads and pleasant drives. No doubt, as soon as the place becomes well known in the cities we shall be overrun with summer visitors.

Several large ponds in the immediate vicinity of the village, well stocked with pickerel, black bass, and muskellunge, help make this place a desirable resort for city people during the summer season; and the Mt. Abram Hotel, kept by that urbane gentleman and excellent caterer, Geo. W. Patch, adds new inducements to the place.

## Hartford.

For forty-six years, the earliest blooming of apple trees, was May 13th, 1843; latest, June 8th, 1882. Earliest planting of field-corn, May 10th, 1841; latest, June 17th, '82. Latest spring frost, June 7th, 1842.

Sixty-six years ago the 8th of this month, Rev. Daniel Hutchinson, of Hartford, was ordained. It was so cold that men wore their overcoats. The ordination exercises were held in a barn, which stood near where the first liberty-pole was raised in Hartford. The following year was bountiful for all kinds of crops. While many families were on an allowance for bread, the stock, which was put on short allowance, in the winter, were having a feast in the rich pastures.

Seed corn was sold as high as three dollars and a half per bushel, and scarce at that. Many were helped to bread corn till their crops came in, which were early and large. On this farm barley was thrashed in July, dried on sheets in the sun, and ground to the great joy of more than one family. Our nearest market was Portland, three days' journey for the farmers to go and come. Keeping for the horse and themselves was carried from home, —lodging, stabling, and tea, eight cents each.—*Cor. Lewiston Journal*.

## North Waterford.

Our enterprising traders Gunn and Rand are sending out large lots of goods.

Gorham Knights' saw mill is running all the time and has turned out a large lot of lumber this spring. It has most all gone to Harrison and Norway.

The blessings in disguise (potato and squash bugs so thoroughly disguised that even the deacon cannot recognize the blessing) have begun their devastation. For some time they have been around listening for the first potato or squash to break ground and pounce upon and devour it. As a consequence Paris Green is in demand.

Elliot & Bartlett are busy getting ready to replace their spool mill, which was burnt. They will rebuild on the old site provided the town of Albany will exempt them from taxation for ten years. The select men of that town have issued a warrant for a town meeting to consider the subject and the town will undoubtedly do as they request.

Everything with us here moves along in about the same old way. The farmers are busy putting in the seed and as a consequence the village presents a rather dull appearance during the day. There is the usual number of evil prophets, who look for poor crops and hard times. However seed-time and harvest are promised and the promise has been fulfilled in years as backward as this.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPERS for July is a strong number. It starts with a portrait of Emerson as a frontispiece which is followed by a wealth of illustrations and readable articles.

EMERSON'S FASHION QUARTERLY for summer gives a full description of what to wear, where to buy it and how much to pay for it. Good authority for styles of house furnishing goods, etc. Published by Ehrich Bros., 8th Avenue, New York.

The GRANITE MONTHLY for June opens with a well written sketch of Hon. Harry Bingham, followed by "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," by Hon. John Wentworth. There is a sketch of Littleton and a readable account of "New Hampshire men in Lowell," making a good number.

## A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

NOT IN THE USUAL VEIN—THOUGHTS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

"Howard" in the Philadelphia Times, says: Men are not prone to heed lessons, are they? "If we were, there wouldn't be so many fellows trying to drink themselves into eternity. I found in the death notices day before yesterday the names of three men, each of whom was dear to me. One of them used to live in Boston, then in Washington, of late in New York. He died in a lunatic asylum."

Why? Rum.

By rum I mean strong drink. We use rum as a generic term for all liquors. This friend was 41 when he died. He was an inventor, a pusher, a driving, energetic man of business, and he had two inventions, each of which would have made him a very rich man. I went to his hotel one day about six months ago to look at one of his schemes. I won't tell you what, because you'd recognize the man. I was in his room, with two others, perhaps two hours. In that time he ordered two "small bottles" five brandy and sodas, one ginger ale and a Vermont cocktail. In addition he had a private bottle of whiskey from which he now and then took a drink. We all had an occasional pull, but the above list was his portion. I remarked it and asked him if he wasn't afraid it would give him a headache, for this was early in the day, from 11 to 1. He laughed and said he never had a headache in his life. Down at Cony Island when the others drank beer he had champagne. He was never drunk, hardly ever fuddled, but all of a sudden, about two months ago, something gave way, crack, bang, and his never aching head was gone. He was crazy as a loon. With difficulty he was taken to an asylum, where he degenerated into a hopeless idiot, sank quickly, and was buried yesterday.

Exceptional case?

"Well, yes, in that he had a superb constitution, a bright, quick wit, and a head that never ached. Also, in that he died a lunatic. But it is not exceptional in the habit of continuous drink. Very few people stop to think of it. Go into a popular restaurant. It's time. For the fun of the thing, I stood in the Astor House rotunda at noon to-day and counted the number of times I was asked to drink in less than half an hour. Among my would-be hosts were several newspaper men, two state senators, a first-rate actor, an alderman, and two proprietors and the manager of the house, an insurance agent, my brother and a couple of boys from the post office. Did I accept? I guess not. Fortunately I have a head that aches—frequently. Experience has taught me that a violation of nature's law ensures a speedy punishment. Ache! Well, from the back of my head to the crown of my skull and all along my bumps of benevolence I ache with a perfect aching. I can stand a moderate quantum of dissipation, but long ago came to the conclusion that I was ordained to virtue and temperance. No, I didn't accept, but it struck my thoughtful bump very hard. I looked at the multitude of young and middle-aged men thronging in to lunch. Nearly every one had a drink, many had two, and a number had several. There was no confusion, no rudeness, no drunkenness, nothing to strike the eye of the casual looker-on, but I tell you the way the fiery stuff was gulged down was a caution to the copper bottomed stomachs which had to take it to digest it. Please don't regard me as a moralist. It's none of my funeral. Every fellow has a right to do what he pleases with his stomach. I can't drink because it makes my head ache. My friend could drink because his head never ached. He died in a lunatic asylum and I am telling about it. That's where I come in—see? Now, you know these drinkers are not the fellows who beat their wives and starve their children. They are the respectable chaps, the workers of their day and generation. All right. Go it. Count on me for an obituary.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## Executors' Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate, for the county of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction, *Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D., 1882, at one o'clock in the afternoon*, on the premises, the house and land of the estate of John Whitmarsh, late of Norway, deceased, situate on Cottage street, in the village of Norway, aforesaid, bounded on the north by Libby & Mixer's land; on the east by Cottage street, on the south by Jonathan Blake's land; and on the west by Jacob Tubbs' land, and by Mrs. Buck's land, containing one-half acre, more or less.

Norway, June 20, 1882.

HENRY UPTON.

Geo. A. Cole, Auctioneer.

Local correspondents and agents for the ADVERTISER are wanted in the towns adjoining Norway. Send us in the local happenings. We'll make it right with you.

## OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

### Norway and Vicinity.

These are the longest days. Curbing for the sidewalks is put in.

Remember that a week from Tuesday is the glorious Fourth.

Ask your friends to subscribe to the ADVERTISER.

If you want job printing of any call at the ADVERTISER office.

The *Citizen* says: Rev. F. E. En of Mechanic Falls, is seriously ill.

The Democrats hold their caucus at Concert Hall, Saturday at 4 o'clock.

Job Printing of every description neatly and promptly done at this office.

Wm. F. Rounds found his pocket book after it was absent about days.

The Greenbackers hold their caucus in Concert Hall, Saturday at 4 o'clock. P. M.

Business men should avail themselves of the opportunity to do some advertising in these columns.

The Reform Club is doing a work, and numbers are signing pledge.

A sidewalk is being put in by H. L. Horne's and G. W. H. residences.

It is expected that the Royal Chapter at Mechanic Falls will be located here for a term of years.

Barnum billed the town for his moral show last Monday. The will be at Lewiston July 11.

Mr. Geo. McAllister, of Oboe, boasts of a Leghorn hen that laid an egg which measured inches.

Our summer schools are those who are having their first experience as teachers are meeting very good success.

The ladies of the Universalists are planning a Strawberry and Cream Festival, for the night of July 4th.

The liquor case tried before Knapp, Monday, resulted in a charge of the respondent, Dr. S. of Oxford.

Mr. S. P. Maxim of So. 1 building a very pretty two story house, on India St. for Davis of Canton.

The Norway Light Infantry use the Beals Hotel bowling temporary armory. E. H. Bove been putting it in shape.

Mr. H. J. Morton left for Tuesday, where he will take charge of the manufacture of Noyes' Patent for lumber.

Jonas O. Crooker has considerable sickness at his house. His wife is dangerously ill and his child is on the sick list.

The pay roll of the Norway Factory for the week ending June 1st amounted to \$1,482.16. The business is starting up a little each season than usual.

L. B. Weeks goes to the Yale Biddleford Pool as caterer this week and wants three or four tables. Wages three dollars per week, paid one way.

The Selectmen met last Saturday laid out a street from Pleasant Mrs. Witt's house and continuing on St. to Ivory Smith's, also Pine and Hazen streets.

The Universalist State Convention to be held next week, June 2nd and 3rd, at Augusta. Friends are offered from this village good from Monday till Saturday.

Mr. Freeland Howe and Mr. E. W. Howe have after commencement at Tufts College, week, from which College Geo. R. and Frank H. Howe.

We understand that at the convention to be held at Tuesday, the friends of J. A. Esq. of this village, will use efforts to make him a candidate for Clerk of Courts.



PERANCE LECTURE.

USUAL VEIN—THOUGHTS OF  
N OF THE WORLD.

In the Philadelphia Times,  
not prone to heed lessons.  
we were, there wouldn't  
blows trying to drink them  
ternity. I found in the  
day before yesterday the  
men, each of whom was  
One of them used to live  
in Washington, of late  
He died in a lunatic

mean strong drink. We  
generic term for all liquors.  
was 41 when he died. He  
for, a pusher, a driving  
of business, and he had  
each of which would  
in a very rich man. I  
hotel one day about six  
look at one of his schemes.  
what, because you'd rec-  
in. I was in his room,  
ers, perhaps two hours.  
ordered two "small bot-  
tles and sodas, one ginger  
mont cocktail. In addition  
the bottle of whiskey from  
and then took a drink.  
an occasional pull, but the  
his portion. I remarked  
him if he wasn't afraid it  
him a headache, for this  
the day, from 11 to 1. He  
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bright, quick wit, and a  
er ached. Also, in that  
ic. But it is "not excep-  
abit of com-  
ons drink.  
ple stop to think of it.  
gular restaurant. It's  
"ll "on take" all the  
"an of the thing, I stood  
ouse rotunda at noon to-  
ted the number of times  
to drink in less than half  
ong my would-be hosts  
newspaper men, two state  
-rate actor, an alderman,  
rietors and the manager  
an insurance agent, my  
couple of boys from the  
did I accept? I guess not.  
have a head that aches—  
Experience has taught me  
of nature's law ensures  
ishment. Ache! Well,  
of my head to the crown  
d all along my bumps of  
ache with a perfect ad-  
and a moderate quantum  
but long ago came to the  
at I was ordained to virtue  
ce. No, I didn't accept,  
ay thoughtful bump very  
ed at the multitude of  
titled-aged men thronging  
Nearly every one had a  
and two, and a number  
There was no confusion,  
no drunkenness, nothing  
of the casual looker-on,  
the way the fiery stuff  
own was a caution to the  
ed stomachs which had  
rest it. Please don't re-  
moralist. It's none of  
Every fellow has a right  
dresses with his stomach,  
eance it makes my head  
and could drink because  
ached. He died in a  
and I am telling about  
here I come in—see?  
or these drinkers are not  
to beat their wives and  
children. They are the re-  
s, the workers of their  
tion. All right. Go it.  
for an obituary.—Phila-

Sale of Real Estate.

A license from the Hon.  
ate, for the county of  
sell at public auction,  
cently-fifth day of July,  
one o'clock in the after-  
noon, the house and  
st of John Whitmarsh,  
er, deceased, situate on  
the village of Norway,  
nded on the north by  
s land; on the east by  
on the south by Jona-  
and; and on the west by  
and, and by Mrs. Buck's  
g one-half acre, more

230, 1882.  
HENRY UPTON.  
Auct'r.

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are wanted in the  
Norway. Send us in  
enings. We'll make it

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for lumber.

Jas. O. Crooker has considerable  
sickness at his house. His wife's moth-  
er is dangerously ill and his daughter  
is on the sick list.

The pay roll of the Norway Shoe  
Factory for the week ending June 10th  
amounted to \$1,482.16. The shoe busi-  
ness is starting up a little earlier this  
season than usual.

L. B. Weeks goes to the Yates House  
Biddleford Pool as caterer this summer,  
and wants three or four table girls.  
Wages three dollars per week, and fare  
paid one way.

The Selectmen met last Saturday.  
Laid out a street from Pleasant St. to  
Mrs. Witt's house and continued Mar-  
ston St. to Ivory Smith's, also located  
Pine and Hazen streets.

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to be held next week, June 27th, 28th,  
and 29th, at Augusta. Half fare rates  
are offered from this village. Tickets  
good from Monday till Saturday.

Mr. Freeland Howe and family and  
Mr. E. W. Howe have attended the  
commencement at Tufts College, this  
week, from which College their sons  
Geo. R. and Frank H. Howe graduate.

We understand that at the county  
convention to be held at Paris next  
Tuesday, the friends of J. A. Roberts,  
Esq. of this village, will use their best  
efforts to make him a candidate for  
Clerk of Courts.

The many friends of Samuel Howe  
were much relieved to receive a tele-  
gram from him in Grinnel, Iowa, stat-  
ing that he and his family were unin-  
jured by the terrible cyclone that swept  
over their city last Saturday.

The officers of Harry Rust Post, No.  
54, G. A. R., of Norway, will meet at  
the store of Capt. Fitz, on the last Fri-  
day evening of this month, June 30th,  
at 7:30, sharp. Let every one be pres-  
ent. Also the next regular meeting of  
the Post will be held at Grange Hall,  
on the first Friday evening of July, at  
8 o'clock, and thereafter the first Fri-  
day in each month. Let there be a  
general attendance at the next meeting,  
and in order to accomplish this, let  
every comrade of the Post cut this out  
and paste it in his hat. All soldiers  
wishing to join the Post will please  
make application, and present them-  
selves to be mustered in on the even-  
ing of July 7th.

Wanted a boy to work in this office.

J. O. Crooker speaks of the merits of  
the A. & W., W. G., N. E. Oil Stoves  
in another column.

Miss M. E. Crockett informs us that  
she will sell the remainder of her mil-  
linery goods at cost after this week.

The Norway Light Infantry is being  
reorganized. We expect to be able to  
give full particulars next week.

Miss Inez O'Brien daughter of Lewis  
O'Brien of this place, returned home  
from Smiths College to spend her vaca-  
tion.

A. F. Andrews imports several horses  
from Canada. They arrived this week.  
Those in want of good horses will do  
well to look them over.

Mr. Freeland Bolster has purchased  
the marble business of Mr. C. B. Keith.  
He opens with a new stock in trade on  
Water Street.

John A. Bolster has bought the  
Parkhurst estate. He has sold some  
of the oak to the Gammon Bros. and  
there is still more to sell.

The True Religion office started for  
North Conway Monday last. The pa-  
per will be continued at that place.  
Mr. Seitz's family will remain here for  
a while.

The building occupied by J. T. Rowe  
as a barber's shop is shortly to be moved  
away to give room for the new block.  
Mr. Rowe will go into the building  
next to John Fitz's.

If you know of a local item don't be  
bashful in speaking of it. We want all  
the local news for the ADVERTISER.  
Give us the items and thus make your  
paper interesting.

The cider cases of Hazeltine and Pot-  
ter were settled after a few hours of  
"hearing" on Thursday. The respon-  
dents withdrew their plea of not guilty,  
and pay cost of prosecution.

Officer Blake recently seized some  
fourteen barrels of cider. John Hazelt-  
ine and Eben J. Pottle are the persons  
from whom the cider was taken.  
Those who wish to save their cider to  
do their haying on will do well to take  
warning.

Dr. O. N. Bradbury has returned  
from his southern visit. The *Berrien  
County News*, of Georgia, gives the  
doctor and his party a handsome com-  
pliment in their paper. They welcome  
northerners to come and settle with  
them.

Adjutant-General Beal and Colonel  
Brown, commanding the First Maine  
Regiment, will come to this city, this  
week, to select the ground and make  
arrangements for the sham fight on the  
4th of July.—*Lewiston Journal*.

We would call the attention of our  
correspondents to "what to write about"  
found in another column. We want  
all the local news up to the time of  
going to press. We want it reliable  
and authentic. When in town call and  
see us.

Should any of our readers expect the  
ADVERTISER will contain as much in-  
teresting matter every week as given in  
this number they will be disappointed.

The fact is we have considerable adver-  
tising which we cannot set for want of  
type. The type is on the way some  
where. Just where we don't know.

At a regular meeting of Charity  
Lodge, No. 9, D. of R., held on Friday  
evening of last week, the following  
were elected as officers for the current  
term: N. G., Lucella Cummings; V.  
G., Mattie Anderson; R. S., Nellie  
Jewett; T., Chas. A. Pride.

Do any of our readers know who  
was the author of a book entitled  
"Sketches of Domestic Life." The  
title page says: "by an observer." The  
book was published by Shirley &  
Hyde in 1831. Any information that  
may throw light upon the subject will  
be duly appreciated at this office.

L. L. Howard, Jr., has found a place  
to work his marble opposite the saw-  
mill at the upper end of the village.  
He has contracted some of the best jobs  
in the county, and says he has lots of  
work, and wants two more first-class  
workmen. He employs no agent, but  
parties who give their orders to him  
will get their money's worth.

Messrs. Libby & Mixer have their  
carriage shop on Cottage street well  
under way. The main building is  
60x26 feet, with two stories, and is up  
and boarded. The first floor will be  
used for the wood-work and black-  
smithing. The paint shop will be up  
stairs. They are to build another  
building, for a repository, at right an-  
gles with the main building. It will  
be about 48x22 feet.

The summer term of Hebron Acad-  
emy has been very prosperous, and has  
attended than for many years. The  
graduating exercises of the Class of '89  
will occur Friday, June 30th, at 3  
o'clock P. M. Music will be furnished  
by Ballard's Orchestra. Concert in the  
evening. An oration will be given  
Thursday evening, June 29th, by Rev.  
A. K. P. Small, D. D., of Fall River,  
Mass.

We get out this paper under a com-  
bination of adversity. Part of our  
printing material, that we wanted to  
use in our paper, has not arrived yet.  
It was shipped some ten days ago and  
we expected it would arrive ere this.  
We wish to express our thanks to Mr.  
Watkins, of the *Democrat*, for the use  
of his press, as ours is "somewhere on  
the way."

Mr. C. L. Hathaway's new block on  
Main St. is nearly completed. It is a  
splendid looking building, much better  
than the one recently destroyed by fire.  
Mr. Hathaway's old tenants will short-  
ly move back. Mr. S. L. Crockett  
moves this Saturday. He has a very  
desirable location. C. E. Holt, Esq.,  
is to take an office in this building as  
well as Dr. Frank Bradbury. The K.  
of P. will occupy the hall.

The Lower Primary School, taught  
by Miss Georgia Andrews, closed June  
9th. The term has been very success-  
ful and the attendance and interest  
excellent. The number of scholars  
registered was 29. Average attendance  
27. Twelve pupils were not absent  
one-half day during the term. There  
are some very smart scholars of their  
age in this school. The second class,  
composed of Mark Smith, Bertie San-  
born, Alfred Trull, Gracie Richardson  
and Winnie Larray are worthy of men-  
tion. They have not been absent a day,  
and always have good lessons. The  
discipline and instruction have been  
excellent. It is one of the best man-  
aged schools in town, and reflects much  
credit upon its teacher.

The work of laying the foundation of  
the Norway Building Association Block  
has commenced in earnest. It is under  
the charge of Mr. Dudley of Paris. The  
Association has bought a lot on the  
southerly side of Main St. 135 feet front  
and 90 feet deep. The building is to be  
102x60 feet, three stories with basement.

The plans drawn by Architect G. M.  
Coombs of Lewiston, have been except-  
ed. On the first floor, there will be  
three stores, the National Bank, the As-  
sessor's rooms and the Armory of the  
Norway Light Infantry. Mr. Jackson  
Clark, dealer in boots and shoes; F. Q.  
Elliot, clothier; and Mason Bros. hard-  
ware dealers, will probably occupy the  
stores. The hall will be the full big-  
ness of the building, with galleries on three  
sides and will be capable of accommo-  
dating about a thousand people. The  
stage will be nicely fitted up with four  
dressing rooms, two on each side. The  
Norway Building Association was re-  
cently incorporated. The capital stock  
of \$15,000.00 has all been taken. The  
following are the officers of the Associa-  
tion: E. C. Andrews, Pres., H. M.  
Bearce, Sec'y., H. D. Smith, Treas.,  
W. H. Whitcomb, C. L. Hathaway,  
John L. Horne, Solomon I. Millett and  
W. F. Foster directors.

South Paris.

An abundance of rain.  
Early peas are in blossom.  
Mr. Sprague is adding four and a  
half feet to his barn.

Vegetation is looking nicely, and in-  
dications promise a fruitful year.

Mrs. Leonard Shurtliff, who has  
been ill for some time, is gradually  
recovering.

Mr. W. G. Buckley has accepted a  
situation in Auburn, and will soon  
move his family to that place.

Several houses are being newly shing-  
led, and the carpenters are busy as  
black flies in the fishing season.

The Montreal Telegraph Co. are set-  
ting their posts for a double wire to  
Paris Hill. The line runs through  
Gothic Street.

Mrs. J. B. Stowell has engaged Mr.  
G. W. Cook to finish two tenements,  
(one above and one below) in the stable  
connected with her residence.

Mr. Chas. Clifford has returned from  
Portland, where the operation of re-  
moving his right eye was successfully  
performed, and he is rapidly improving.

Mrs. Mary M. Nichols died in this  
village on Monday of this week, aged  
71 years. The funeral obsequies oc-  
curred at the residence of her son, Mr.  
Jacob Nichols, on Tuesday afternoon.  
The remains were carried to Portland  
on the early train Wednesday morning,  
and interred in the family lot in that  
city.

The ADVERTISER, the same as for-  
merly, will be published at Norway  
and South Paris. Through a mistake  
the name of the latter place was omit-  
ted on the outside. It will appear  
in our next issue. It is our intention  
to have South Paris well represented in  
the paper. Arrangements are being  
made whereby we shall shortly open a  
branch office at that place.—[Eds.]

Mrs. E. Townsend has opened a  
store over the Savings Bank. She has  
a good stock of fancy and domestic  
goods. She will do dress making in  
connection with her store. To every  
customer who buys five dollars  
worth of goods she pays return  
car fare. Should the customer pur-  
chase ten dollars' worth she furnishes  
a team for conveyance home free of  
charge.

Mrs. Sumner Tucker died last Fri-  
day, aged 28 years. The funeral ser-  
vices, conducted by Rev. E. W. Simons  
were observed at the Methodist Church  
on Saturday afternoon.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRESS  
VISIT TO MAINE.

The details of the annual summer  
excursion of the New Hampshire Press  
Association have been perfected and  
are as follows: The party will leave  
Portland on Friday night, July 7, on  
the arrival of the evening trains, in a  
steamer specially chartered, with ample  
state-rooms, running down the coast in  
the night and reaching Castine, on  
Penobscot Bay, one of the oldest and  
most beautiful towns in Maine, and a  
point of great historic interest, early in  
the forenoon. A stop of two hours  
will be made here, leaving in season to  
reach Bar Harbor (Mount Desert) at  
noon. Will quarter at the West End  
Hotel, the best at this celebrated resort,  
and remain two days. Leave Mount  
Desert Monday noon, returning to  
Portland in season for early train  
Tuesday morning over the Grand  
Trunk Railway for Gorham station,  
one hundred miles, thence eight miles  
by stage to the Glen House, on the east  
side of the mountains, in season for  
dinner. The party will remain at the  
Glen House until Saturday morning.  
Excursions embraced in the regular  
programme to Glen Ellis Falls and to  
the Crystal Cascade have been provid-  
ed. Leave Glen House Saturday morn-  
ing via Pinkham Notch, by stage, fifteen  
miles for Glen Station, on the Portland  
and Ogdensburg road. From this point  
parties can return via Wolfborough  
and the Lake and the B. C. and M.  
Railroad, or by the Eastern and Boston  
and Maine, reaching home same night.

To the Advertiser Correspondents.  
What to Write About.

Accidents, when, where, and to  
whom. Amusements, excursions, etc.,  
when, where, character of, etc.

Change of business firms, when, and  
name of parties. Crop, present con-  
dition, future prospect. Crime of any  
kind, names of offender, nature of  
crime. Churches, change of pastors,  
revivals, election of church officers, etc.

Dissolution of partnership, names of  
parties, where going, etc. Deaths, who,  
when, where, cause, age. Discoveries  
of curiosities, of any thing new and  
valuable. Distinguished arrivals, at  
hotels or elsewhere.

Elopements, names of parties and  
circumstances. Election intelligence,  
takes place when, candidates to be, or  
have been elected, etc.

Fires, whose property, when, where,  
cause, amount of insurance, names of  
companies insured in. Firemen's news  
of all kinds. Facts and figures, con-  
cerning any product raised in the vicini-  
ty, amounts sold, profits, etc. Festi-  
vals, held by whom, where, and cost.  
Inventions, patents granted, to whom,  
what for, and nature of improvement.  
Lectures, past, to come, where, by  
whom.

Marriages, who, when, where, by  
whom married, where going on bridal  
tour. Murders, who, when, where, by  
whom, object of murder, etc.

New comers, their business, where  
located, where from, etc. New manu-  
factories, in prospect, where, when,  
by whom established, kind, etc. New  
buildings, to be or built, erected by  
whom, for what purpose, etc.

Price of staple commodities in the  
market, prospect for the future. Parties  
leaving town, who, when, where going,  
business going into. Presentations, by  
whom, to whom, where given, what  
presented, why.

Sales of real estate, by whom, to  
whom, who will occupy, etc. Shows,  
exhibitions, fairs, where, when, who  
gives them, character of entertainment.  
Schools, facts and figures concerning  
them, change of teachers, improve-  
ments needed. Secret societies, elec-  
tion of officers, prosperity of the soci-  
ety. Strange phenomena, in the heavens,  
in the elements, in the earth, when,  
where. Suggestions of improvements  
needed, where, when, by whom, cost.  
Surgical operations, by whom perform-  
ed, of what character, condition of the  
patient. Sickness, who sick, by what  
physician attended, general health of  
the community.

Violation of law, parties arrested and  
fined, what offence, when, etc.

Communications must reach us  
not later than Wednesday noon to in-  
sure publication the same week. Should  
items of great importance occur later  
in the week they can be sent to us by a  
second letter or postal card. Send us  
all the news, full and complete.

ADVERTISER, Norway, Me.

A carload of shad has been shipped  
by Prof. Baird, for the distribution in  
Maine rivers. The car load contains  
two million young shad, and these will  
be distributed under the direction of  
Mr. Stillwell. The fish were shipped  
from Harve de Grace in Maryland,  
and are brought to Maine on express  
trains over the most direct connections.  
One million of the shad will be placed  
in the Kennebec river at Waterville,  
and the other million in the Penobscot  
at Mattawamkeag.

VOTE OF THANKS.

HEADQUARTERS, HARRY RUST POST,  
No. 54, Norway, Me.,  
June 15, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Harry Rust  
Post, No. 54, G. A. R., it was unani-  
mously voted that said Post extend  
their thanks to the various individuals,  
associations, military company and  
band that assisted in the observance of  
Memorial Day in Norway. For the  
contribution of funds, floral decora-  
tions, flags, addresses, music, and other  
favors, the comrades of the Post wish  
to express to the donors their sincere  
gratitude.

Ira G. SPRAGUE,  
Post Commander.

Official: C. S. TUCKER, Adjutant.

BAND TOURNAMENT.

The arrangements for the monster band  
tournament at Lake Maranocook Tuesday,  
June 27th, are about completed. Nearly  
all the bands in the State have signified  
their intention of being present, and the  
management are receiving very flattering  
letters of encouragement from leaders of  
band who appreciate the benefit derived  
from these tournaments. One leader  
says, "We wish to enter again. My  
sole object is to advance my band in  
good playing; not for the amount of mon-  
ey we might possibly receive. I consider  
that our competing last season was better  
for us than three months practice."

The programme will be more extensive  
than last year. In addition to the six  
cash prizes will be the prize cornet, val-  
ued at \$175, to be awarded to best cor-  
net soloist, which makes a grand total of  
\$600. In competing for the prizes each  
band will play a quickstep and a selec-  
tion, and the prizes will be awarded by  
competent judges from outside the State.  
After the band contest there will be a  
grand concert by the consolidated bands  
under the direction of Mr. Frank L. Col-  
lins, giving a more extensive programme  
than last year. Another new feature  
will be the music for dancing by Collins'  
full military band of 25 pieces.

In connection with the tournament the  
managers have secured the services of  
Mr. J. E. Jenks, who will provide a  
mammoth clam-bake of sufficient di-  
mensions to supply 20,000 people at an  
extremely low price. Special excursion  
trains will be run on the Maine Central,  
and all connecting roads. On each train  
cars will be reserved for ladies, in which  
no smoking will be allowed.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Mr. Longfellow in September, 1880,  
told James Grant Wilson that of all his po-  
etical writings he preferred "Evange-  
line."

—A local tragedian in Minneapolis by  
the name of Barol is so given to gnashing  
his teeth when he hears that they call him  
a gnash-Barol.

—Professor George W. Greene, of R. I.,  
is to write the biography of Longfellow,  
having been selected for that office by the  
poet himself, six years ago.

—Most of the critics who have read Ten-  
nyson's latest poem, "The Charge of the  
Heavy Brigade," think it has earned for  
him the title of lower-rate instead of lan-  
reate.

—Mr. Barnum now owns Charles Dick-  
ens's overcoat—the one which he wore  
while he was in America the last time.  
It was presented to Mr. Barnum in Phila-  
delphia the other day by Mr. George W.  
Childs.

—Mr. Alcott's study at Concord is car-  
peted with crimson, and the same rich col-  
or appears on the wall-hangings and table-  
cover.

—Dr. O. W. Holmes says that the young  
scribblers who send him their verses have  
no more right to do so than they have to  
stop him in the street, show him their  
tongues and ask what remedies they shall  
take for their stomach's sake.

—The July *Wide Awake* will be a bril-  
liant pictorial number, containing no less  
than eleven full-page illustrations. "The  
Fairy Flag of Skye," a folk-lore story, is  
said to be the most beautifully illustrated  
ballad ever prepared for young readers.

REMEMBER

THE  
Adams & Westlake  
Wire-Gauze, Non-Explosive  
OIL STOVES.

Bake better, Boil quicker, and Broil  
nicer than any Oil or Gas Stove manu-  
factured, and was awarded the Gold  
Medal at the ATLANTA EXPOSI-  
TION for "Safety, great variety and  
perfect arrangement of the heating and  
cooking apparatus." This award was  
made over a contest with Coal, Oil,  
Gas and Vapor Stoves.  
These Stoves took the HIGHEST  
AWARD of Paris, France, Exposit-  
tion,  
Cincinnati, Ohio, do. 1878.  
Toronto, Canada, do. 1879.  
Worcester, Mass., do. 1880.  
BRONZE MEDAL at World's Fair,  
Melbourne, Australia, 1880.  
HIGHEST AWARD at Industrial  
Exposition, Providence, R. I., 1881.  
GOLD MEDAL at International  
Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga. 1881.  
Don't fail to see the Wire-Gauze,  
Non-Explosive in operation, at J. O.  
CROOKER'S Hard Ware Store, oppo-  
site the recent Great Fire in Norway  
Village.

Also a large stock of HARDWARE,  
Cutlery, Hayfork Tools, and other use-  
ful goods, for sale at lowest prices.  
J. O. CROOKER,  
Norway, June 20, 1882.

MAINE MINES.—Those of our citizens  
who have been fondly looking for the re-  
port of the Directors of the United States  
Mint for an official confirmation of their  
beliefs in the productiveness of our gold  
and silver mines will be greatly surprised  
to find in the place of expected statistics  
the following brief but exceedingly com-  
prehensive paragraph appears, only this  
and nothing more:

"A number of mines have been opened  
and mining companies organized in  
Maine. Circulars addressed have been  
forwarded, requesting from offices, agents  
and owners of these mines a report of their  
production, but although replies have been  
received from several, no report has been  
made of any of the shipment of the ore  
or bullion from the State; and as none  
has been reported, and as the mints and  
assay officers have reported no deposits  
from that State of bullion produced yet  
Maine cannot be reckoned as one of the  
gold and silver producing States of the  
Union. All information thus far received  
relates to the sinking of shafts and to the  
assays of ores, which, thus far have been  
promising rather than productive.—*Es.*"

NORMAL SCHOOL.—The annual cat-  
alogue of Gorham Normal School has  
been received. From it we learn 257  
pupils have been admitted since the  
school was established, and the number  
of graduates is 146. In the number of  
graduates the following counties are re-  
presented as follows: Cumberland, eighty;  
York, thirty-three; Oxford, nine; Som-  
erset, seven; Kennebec, six; Aroostook,  
five; Androscoggin, Washington, Lin-  
coln, Penobscot, one each; Piscataquis  
two. The present corps of teachers is  
as follows: Hon. J. W. Corthell, Princip-  
al; Helen M. Kimball, Charles W.  
Penn, Harriet E. Deering; teachers of  
model schools, Grace J. Haynes, Bessie  
A. Read.

MAINE BOYS AT HARVARD. There are,  
at present, in the upper classes at Har-  
vard University, twenty-one Maine boys  
—six in the senior, eight in the junior,  
and seven in the sophomore class. Of  
the six seniors, three have Commence-  
ment parts; Lucien Moore Robinson, of  
Hartford; Harold Marsh Sewall, of Bath;  
and Charles Townsend Copeland, of Cal-  
ais. Of the six parts to be delivered at  
Commencement, two are by Maine boys.  
Thus, Maine bears off the palm, having  
a larger number of parts in proportion to  
her students, than any other State.  
Maine is also well represented in the ath-  
letes of the college. The pitcher of the  
University, nine is Karl Albert Bean, of  
Thomaston; and



